The Pleasant Comodie

of

Patient Grissill.

Inaugural-Dissertation

zur

Erlangung der Doktorwürde

der

hohen philosophischen Fakultät

der

Friedrich-Alexanders-Universität Erlangen

vorgelegt

von

Gottlieb Hübsch

aus Nürnberg.

ERLANGEN.

K. b. Hof- und Univ.-Buchdruckerei von Fr. Junge (Junge & Sohn).

1893.

Die Ausgabe wird vollständig als Heft XV der „Erlanger Beiträge zur englischen Philologie u. vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte“ erscheinen.

THE PLEASANT COMODIE OF Patient Grisfill.

As it hath beene fundrie times lately plaid bythe right honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord high Admirall) his ſeruants.

LONDON.
Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to be ſolde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry.
1603.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/IA41535711_0124

The pleaſant Commœdye
of
Patient Griſsill.

Enter the Marqueſſe, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, and huntſmen: all like Hunters. A noyſe of hornes within.

Marqueſſe.

LOoke you ſo ſtrang[,] my hearts, to ſee our limbes
Thus ſuited in a Hunters liuery?
Oh tis a louely habite, when greene youth[,]
Like to the flowry bloſſome of the spring,
Conformes his outward habite to his minde.
Looke how yon one eyd wagoner of heauen,
Hath by his horſes fiery winged hoofes,
Burſt ope the melancholy Iayle of Night,
And with his gilt beames cunning Alchimy,
Turn'd al theſe cloudes to gold, who (with the winds)
Upon their miſty ſhoulders bring in day:
Then ſally not this morning with foule lookes,
But teach your Iocond ſpirits to ply the Chaſe,
For hunting is a ſport for Emperors.
Pau. We know it is, and therefore doe not throw
On theſe your paſtimes, a contracted brow.
How swift youths Bias runs to catch delights,
To me is not vnknowne: no brother Gualther,
When you were woo'd by vs to chooſe a wife,
This day you vowed to wed: but now I ſee,
Your promiſes turne all to mockerie.
Lepi. This day your ſelf appointed to giue anſwere
To all thoſe neighbour-Princes, who in loue

5 minde,] 16 brow,]

Offer their Daughters, Siſters, and Allies,
In marriage to your hand: yet for all this
The houre being come that calles you to your choyce[,]
You ſtand prepard for ſport and ſtart aſide:
To hunt poore deere when you ſhould ſeeke a Bride.
Marq. Nay come Mario[,] your opinion too,
H'ad neede of ten men's wit that goes to woe.
Ma. Firſt ſatisfie theſe Princes, who expect
Your gracious anſwere to their embaſſies,
Then may you freelie reuell: now you flie
Both from your owne vowes, & their amitie.
Marq. How much your iudgmens erre: who gets a wife
Muſt like a huntſman beate vntrodden pathes,
To gaine the flying preſence of his loue.
Looke how the yelping beagles ſpend their mouthes[,]
So Louers doe their ſighes: and as the deare,
Out-ſtrips the actiue hound, & oft turnes backe
To note the angrie viſage of her foe,
Who greedy to poſſeſſe ſo ſweet a pray,
Neuer giues ouer till he ceaze on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who great with ſcorne
Shew the care-pined hearts, that ſue to them[;]
Yet on that feined flight, (Loue conquering them)
They caſt an eye of longing backe againe,
As who would ſay, be not diſmaid with frownes,
For though our tongues ſpeake no: our hearts ſound yea:
Or if not ſo, before theile miſſe their louers,
Their ſweet breathes ſhal perfume the Amorous ayre
And braue them ſtill to run in beauties Chaſe:
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I muſt get a wife? but be content,
So yo'ule ingage your faith by othe to vs,
Your willes ſhall anſwere mine, my liking yours,
And that no wrinckle on your cheekes ſhall ride,
This day the Marqueſſe vowes to chooſe a bride.
Pa. Euen by my honor,
Marq. Brother[,] be adviſ'd,
The importunitie of you and theſe,

---

46 ſlight,] *Coll.* 49 yea,]

Thruſts my free thoughts into the yoake of loue,
To grone vnder the loade of marriage.
Since then you throwe this burthen on my youth[,]
Sweare to me[,] whome ſoeuer my fancie chooſe,
Of what diſcent, beautie or birth ſhe be,
Her you ſhall like and loue as you loue me.

Pa. Now by my birth I ſweare, wed whome you pleaſe,
And Ile imbrace her with a brothers arme.

Lepi. Mario and my ſelfe to your faire choice,
Shall yeeld all dueties and true reuerence.

Marq. Your proteſtations pleaſe me Iollilie.
Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares
Of our ſwift forreſt Cittizens proclaime,
Defiance to their lightnes: our ſports done,
The Venſon that we kill ſhall feaſt our bride,
If ſhe proue bad, ile caſt all blame on you,
But if ſweet peace ſucceede this amorous ſtrife,
Ile ſay my wit was beſt to chooſe a wife.

[Exeunt.

As they goe in, hornes ſound & hollowing within: that done, Enter Ianicolo, Griffil, and Babulo, with two baskets begun to be wrought.

Bab. Olde Maſter[,] heeres a morning able to make vs worke tooth and naile (marrie then we muſt haue victualls)[;] the Sun hath plaid boe peep in the element anie time theſe two houres, as I doe ſome mornings whē you cal: what Babulo[,] ſay you: heere Maſter[,] ſay I[;] and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouſe, lie ſtill: what Babulo[,] ſayes Griffil, anone ſay I, and then this eye lookes vp, yet downe I ſnug againe: what Babulo[,] ſay you againe, and then I ſtart vp, and ſee the Sunne, and then ſneeze, and then ſhake mine eares, and then riſe, and then get my breakfaſt, and then fal to worke, and then waſh my hands, and by this time I am ready: heer's your baſket, and Griffill[,] heer's yours.

Ian. Fetch thine own Babulo, lets ply our buſines.

Bab. God ſend me good lucke[,] Maſter.

Gri. Why Babulo, what's the matter?

---

62 marriage,] 71 Iollilie,] 73 forreſt,]

Bab. God forgiue mee, I thinke I ſhall not eate a pecke of ſalt: I ſhall not liue long ſure, I ſhould be a rich man by right, for they neuer doe good deedes, but when they ſee they muſt dye, and I haue now a monſtrous ſtomacke to worke, becauſe I thinke I ſhall not liue long.

Ian. Goe foole, ceaſe this vaine talke and fall to worke.

Bab. Ile hamper ſome body if I dye, becauſe I am a baſket maker.

[Exit.

Ian. Come Griſſill, worke[,] ſweet girle, heere the warme Sunne
Will ſhine on vs, and when his fires begin,
Wee'll coole our ſweating browes in yonder ſhade.

Gri. Father, me thinkes it doth not fit a maide,
By ſitting thus in view, to draw mens eyes
To ſtare vpon her: might it pleaſe your age,
I could be more content to worke within.

Ian. Indeed my childe, mens eyes do now adaies,
Quickly take fire at the leaſt ſparke of beauty,
And if thoſe flames be quencht by chaſt diſdaine,
Then their inuenom'd tongues (alacke) doe ſtrike,
To wound her fame whoſe beauty they did like.

Gri. I will auoide their darts and worke within.

Ian. Thou needſt not, in a painted coate goes ſin,
And loues thoſe that loue pride; none lookes on thee,
Then keepe me companie: how much vnlike
Are thy deſires to manie of thy ſex?
How manie wantons in Saliuia,
Frowne like the ſullen night, when their faire faces
Are hid within doores: but got once abroad,
Like the proud Sun they ſpred their ſtaring beames.
They ſhine out to be ſeene, their looſe eyes tell,
That in their boſomes wantonnes doe dwell:
Thou canſt not doe ſo Griſſill, for thy Sun,
Is but a Starre, thy Starre, a ſparke of fire,
Which hath no power t'inflame doting deſire:
Thy ſilkes are thrid-bare ruffets: all thy portion
Is but an honeſt name: that gon[,] thou art dead,
Though dead thou liu'ſt, that being vnblemiſhed.

102—103 *bis* vs *in eine Zeile gedruckt*] *Coll.*

Grif. If to die free from ſhame be nere to die,
Then Ile be crownd with immortallitie.
Ian. Pray God thou maiſt: yet childe[,] my iealous ſoule
Trembles through feares, ſo often as mine eyes
Sees our Duke court thee: and when to thine eares
He tunes sweet loue-ſongs: oh beware my Griſſill[,]
He can prepare his way with gifts of golde,
Upon his breath, winged Promotion flies[.]
Oh my deare Girle[,] truſt not his ſorceries,
Did he not ſeeke the ſhipwracke of thy fame?
Whie ſhould he ſend his tailors to take meaſure
Of Griſſils bodie: but as one ſhould ſay,
If thou wilt be the Marqueſſe concubine,
Thou ſhalt weare rich attires: but they that thinke,
With coſtly garments, ſins blacke face to hide,
Weare naked brauerie and ragged pride.
Grif. Good father[,] doe not ſhake your age with feares[.]
Although the Marqueſſe ſometimes viſit vs,
Yet all his words and deedes are like his birth,
Steept in true honor: but admit they were not,
Before my ſoule looke black with ſpeckled ſinne,
My hands ſhal make me pale deathes vnderling.
Ian. The muſick of thoſe words ſweetēs mine eares[.]
Come girle[,] lets faſter worke: time apace weares.

Enter Babulo with his worke.

Grif. Come Babulo[,] why haſt thou ſtaid ſo long?
Ba. Nay why are you ſo ſhort? Maſters[,] heeres monie I tooke (ſince I went) for a cradle: this yeare I thinke be leape yeare, for womē doe nothing but buy cradles, by my troth[,] I thinke the world is at an end, for as ſoone as we be borne we marrie: as ſoone as we marrie we get children, (by hooke or by crooke gotten they are)[;] children muſt haue cradles, and as ſoone as they are in them, they hop out of thē, for I haue ſeene little girls that yeſterday had ſcarce a hand to make them ready, the next day had worne wedding rings on their fingers, ſo that if the world doe not ende, we ſhall not liue one by another: baſket making as all other

152 vnderling,] 153 ſweetē] *Coll.* 156 ſhort,]

trades runs to decay, and ſhortly we ſhall not be worth a butten, for non in this cutting age ſowe true ſtitches, but taylers and ſhoomakers, & yet now and then they tread their ſhooes a wrie too.

Ia. Let not thy tongue goe ſo: ſit downe to worke
And that our labour may not ſeeme to long,
Weele cunningly beguile it with a ſong.

Ba. Doe maſter[,] for thats honeſt couſonage.

The Song.

Song[.] Art thou poore[,] yet haſt thou golden Slumbers:
Oh ſweet content!
Art thou rich[,] yet is thy minde perplexed:
Oh punniſhment.
Doſt thou laugh to ſee how fooles are vexed
To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers:
O ſweet content, o ſweet etc.
Foole. Worke apace, apace, apace, apace:
Honeſt labour beares a louely face,
Then hey noney, noney: hey noney, noney.
Canſt drinke the waters of the Criſped ſpring:
O ſweet content!
Swim'ſt thou in wealth, yet ſinck'ſt in thine owne teares,
O punniſhment.
Then hee that patiently wants burden beares,
No burden beares, but is a King, a King,
O ſweet content, etc.
Fool. Worke apace, apace, etc.

Enter Laureo.

Ba. Weep maſter, yonder comes your Sonne[.]

Ian. Laureo[,] my Sonne? oh heauen[,] let thy rich hand Poure plentious ſhewers of bleſſing on his head.

Lau. Treble the number fall vppon your age. Siſter?

Gri. Deare brother Laureo[,] welcome home.

Ba. Maſter Laureo (Ianiculaes ſonne)[,] welcome home, how doe the nine muſes, Pride, couetouſnes, enuie, ſloth,

177 perplexed?] 179 vexed?] 180 numbers.] 185 spring?] 189 wants,] 196 age,]

wrath, gluttonie and letcherie? you that are Schollers, read how they doe.

Lau. Muſes: theſe (foole) are the ſeauen deadly ſins.

Ba. Are they: Mas[,] me thinkes its better ſeruing thē, then your nine muſes, for they are ſtarke beggers.

Ian. Often I haue wiſht to ſee you heere.

Lau. It grieues me that you ſee me heere so ſoone.

Ian. Why Laureo[,] doſt thou grieue to ſee thy father, Or doſt thou ſcorne me for my pouertie?

Ba. He needes not, for he lookes like poore Iohn himſelfe; eight to a necke of Mutten, is not that your commons, & a Cue of breade?

Lau. Father[,] I grieue my young yeares to your age, Should adde more ſorrowe.

Ian. Why ſonne[,] whats the matter?

Lau. That which to thinke on makes me desperate.
I that haue chargd my friends, and from my father
Puld more then he could ſpare; I that haue liud
Theſe nine yeares at the Uniuerſity,
Muſt now for this worlds deuill: this angell of golde,
Haue all thoſe daies and nights to beggerie ſolde:
Through want of money, what I want I miſſe,
Who is more scorn'd then a poore ſcholler is?

Bab. Yes three things: Age, wiſdome, baſket makers.

Gri. Brothers[,] what meanes these words?

Lau. Oh I am mad.
To thinke how much a Scholler vndergoes,
And in the ende reapes nought but pennurie.
Father[,] I am inforced to leaue my booke,
Becauſe the ſtudie of my booke doth leaue me,
In the leane armes of lancke neceſſitie.
Hauing no ſhelter (ah me) but to flie
Into the ſanctuarie of your aged armes.

Bab. A trade, a trade, follow baſket-makeing, leaue bookes and turne block-head.

Ian. Peace foole; welcome my ſonne, thogh I am poore[,] My loue ſhall not be ſo: goe daughter Griſſill,

205 heere,] 208 pouertie.] 209 himſelfe,] 216 ſpare,] 219 ſolde,] 225 th'ende] *Coll.* 233 foole,]

Fetch water from the ſpring to ſeeth our fiſh,
Which yeſter day I caught: the cheare is meane,
But be content; when I haue ſolde theſe Baſkets,
The monie ſhall be ſpent to bid thee welcome:
Griſſill make haſt, run and kindle fire.

[Exit Griſſill.

Ba. Goe Griſſill[:] Ile make fire, and ſcoure the kettle:
its a hard world when ſchollers eate fiſh vpon fleſh daies.

[Exit Ba.

Lau. Ist not a ſhame for me that am a man,
Nay more, a ſcholler[,] to endure ſuch neede,
That I muſt pray on him, whome I ſhould feede?
Ian. Nay grieue not Sonne, better haue felt worſe woe.
Come ſit by me[;] while I worke to get bread,
And Griſſill ſpin vs yearne to cloath our backs,
Thou ſhalt reade doctrine to vs for the soule.
Then what ſhall we there want? nothing my ſonne[.]
For when we ceaſe from worke[,] euen in that while,
My ſong ſhall charme griefes eares and care beguile.

Enter Griſſill running with a Pitcher.

Grif. Father[,] as I was running to fetch water,
I ſaw the Marqueſſe with a gallant traine
Come riding towards vs. O ſee where they come.

Enter Marqueſſe, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, two Ladies and ſome other attendants.

Mar. See where my Griſſill, and her father is!
Me thinkes her beautie ſhining through thoſe weedes,
Seemes like a bright ſtarre in the ſullen night.
How louely pouertie dwels on her backe!
Did but the proud world note her as I doe,
She would caſt off rich robes, forſweare rich ſtate,
To cloth them in ſuch poore abiliments.
Father[,] good fortune ever bleſſe thine age.
Ian. All happines attend my gracious Lorde.

237 content,] 240 kettle,] 241 Exit. Ba:] 247 backs.] 248 soule,] 249 want.] 252 runaing]; *ebenso in der vorhergehenden Bühnenweisung. Coll.* 254 vs.] 255 is,] 256 for beautie] *Coll.* 258 backe,] 261 abiliments,]

Marq. And what wiſh you faire Maide?
Griſ. That your high thoughts
To your contentment may be ſatisfied.
Mar. Thou wouldſt wiſh ſoe, knewſt thou for what I come.
Brother of Pauia[,] beholde this virgin,
Mario[,] Lepido[,] is ſhe not faire?
Pa. Brother[,] I haue not ſeene ſo meane a creature,
So full of beautie.
Mar. Were but Griſſils birth
As worthie as her forme, ſhe might be held
A fit companion for the greateſt ſtate.
Lau. Oh blindnes, ſo that men may beautie finde,
They nere reſpect the beauties of the minde.
Marq. Father Ianicola[,] whats hee that ſpeake?
Ian. A poore deſpiſed ſcholler and my Sonne.
Mar. This is no time to holde diſpute with ſchollers.
Tell me in faith olde man[,] what doſt thou thinke,
Becauſe the Marqueſſe viſits thee ſo oft?
Ian. The will of Princes ſubiects muſt not ſerch.
Let it ſuffice, your grace is welcome hither.
Marq. And ile requite that welcome if I liue.
Griſſill[,] ſuppoſe a man ſhould loue you dearely,
As I know ſome that doe, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like?
Gri. None is ſo fond to fancie pouertie.
Mar. I ſay there is: come Lords[,] ſtand by my ſide,
Nay brother[,] you are ſped and haue a wife,
Then giue vs leaue that are all Batchelers.
Now Griſſil, eye vs well and giue your verdicte,
Which of vs three you holde the propreſt man.
Gri. I haue no ſkill to iudge proportions.
Marq. Nay then you ieſt, women haue eagles eyes,
To prie euen to the heart, and why not you?
Come, we ſtand fairely, freely speake your minde.
For by my birth, he whome thy choice ſhall bleſſe,
Shall be thy huſband.
Mar. What intends your grace?

264 thoughts.] 270 birth,] 282 liue,] 285 like.] 289 Batchelers,] 291 man,]

Lepi. My Lord[,] I haue vowed to leade a ſingle life.
Marq. A ſingle life? this cunning cannot ſerue.
Doe not I know you loue her[?] I haue heard
Your paſſions ſpent for her, your ſighes for her.
Mario to the wonder of her beautie,
Compiled a Sonnet.
Mar. I my Lord write ſonnets?
Marq. You did intreate me to intreate her father,
That you might haue his daughter to your wife.
Lep. To anie one I willingly reſigne,
All intereſt in her, which doth looke like mine.
Mar. My Lorde[,] I ſweare ſhe nere ſhall be my bride,
I hope ſheele ſweare ſo too[,] being thus denide.
Marq. Both of you turn'd Apoſtataes in loue,
Nay then Ile play the cryer: once, twice, thrice,
Speake or ſhee's gone els: no, ſince twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet ſhee's for me.
Pau. What meane you Brother?
Marq. Faith[,] no more but this:
By loues moſt wondrous Metamorphoſis,
To turne this Maide into your Brothers wife.
Nay ſweet heart[,] looke not ſtrange[:] I doe not ieſt,
But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart,
Gualter proteſts he loues thee with his heart.
Lau. The admiration of ſuch happines,
Makes me aſtoniſht.
Grif. Oh my gracious Lord,
Humble not your high ſtate to my lowe birth,
Who am not worthy to be held your ſlaue,
Much leſſe your wife.
Marq. Griſſill[,] that ſhall ſuffice,
I count thee worthie: olde Ianicola,
Art thou content that I ſhall be thy Sonne?
Ian. I am vnworthy of ſo great a good.
Marq. Tuſh[,] tuſh[,] talke not of worth, in honeſt tearmes[,]
Tell me if I ſhall haue her? for by heauen[,]

298 life,] 299 ſerue,] 300 heard?] 301 ſighes for her,] 305 to his wife.] *Coll.* 307 mine,] 309 denide,] 316 wife.] 319 heart,] 323 Whome not] *Coll.*

Unleſſe your free conſent alowe my choice,
To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.
Whats thy Sonnes name?
Ian. Laureo[,] My gracious Lord.
Marq. Ile haue both your conſents: I tell ye Lords,
I haue wooed the virgin long, oh manie an houre,
Haue I bin glad to ſteale from all your eyes,
To come diſguiſ'd to her: I ſweare to you,
Beautie firſt made me loue, and vertue woe.
I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride
What vertues were intempled in her breſt,
My chaſt hart ſwore that ſhe ſhould be my bride[:]
Say Father, muſt I be forſworne or noe?
Ian. What to my Lord ſeemes beſt to me ſeemes ſo[.]
Marq. Laureo[,] whats your opinion?
Lau. Thus my Lorde.
If equall thoughts durſt both your ſtates conferre,
Her's is to lowe, and you to high for her.
Marq. What ſaies faire Griſſill now?
Griſ. This doth ſhe ſay,
As her olde Father yeeldes to your dread will,
So ſhe her fathers pleaſure muſt fulfill.
If olde Ianicola make Griſſill yours,
Griſſill muſt not deny, yet had ſhe rather
Be the poore Daughter ſtill of her poore Father.
Marq. Ile gild that pouertie, and make it ſhine,
With beames of dignitie: this baſe attire,
Theſe Ladies ſhall teare of, and decke thy beautie
In robes of honour, that the world may ſay,
Vertue and beautie was my bride to day.
Mar. This meane choice, will diſtaine your noblenes[.]
Marq. No more Mario[:] then it doth diſgrace
The Sunne to ſhine on me.
Lep. Shee's poore and baſe.
Marq. Shee's rich: for vertue beautifies her face.
Pau. What will ye world ſay when the trump of fame
Shall ſound your high birth with a beggers name?

337 woe,] 345 her,] 350 rather,]

Marq. The world ſtill lookes a ſquint, & I deride
His purblind iudgement; Griſſill is my Bride.
Janicola, and Laureo: father, brother,
You and your Son[,] grac'd with our royall fauour,
Shall liue to outweare time in happines.

Enter Babulo.

Ba. Maſter[,] I haue made a good fire: ſirha Griſſill, the fifhe [—]

Ian. Fall on thy knees thou foole: ſee heeres our duke[.]

Ba. I haue not offended him, therefore Ile not ducke and he were ten Dukes. Ile kneele to none but God and my Prince.

Lau. This is thy Prince, be ſilent Babulo!

Bab. Silence is a vertue, marie tis a dumbe vertue: I loue vertue that ſpeakes, and has a long tongue like a bel-weather, to leade other vertues after: if he be a Prince, I hope hee is not Prince ouer my tongue; snailes, wherefore come all theſe: Maſter[,] heeres not fiſh enough for vs. Sirha Griſſill[,] the fire burnes out.

Marq. Tell me my loue[,] what pleaſant fellow is this?

Gri. My aged Fathers ſeruant[,] my gracious Lorde.

Bab. How, my loue: maſter[,] a worde to ye wife, ſcillicet me[,] my loue.

Marq. Whats his name?

Bab. Babulo Sir is my name.

Marq. Why doſt thou tremble ſo? we are al thy friends.

Bab. Its hard ſir for this motley Ierkin, to find friendſhip with this fine doublet.

Marq. Ianicola[,] bring him to Court with thee.

Bab. You may be aſham'd to lay ſuch knauiſh burden vppon olde ages ſhoulders: but I ſee they are ſtooping a little, all crie downe with him: He ſhall not bring me ſir, ile carrie my ſelfe.

Marq. I pray thee doe, Ile haue thee liue at court.

Ba. I haue a better trade ſir, baſketmaking.

Marq. Griſſill[,] I like thy mans ſimplicitie,

364 Bride,] 378 tonge,] 379 vs,] 385 name,] 395 court,] 396 baſketmaking,]

Still ſhall he be thy ſeruant[.] Babulo,
Griſſill[,] thy miſtreſſe, now ſhall be my wife.
Bab. I thinke ſir[,] I am a fitter huſband for her.
Marq. Why ſhouldſt thou think [so?] I wil make her rich.
Bab. Thats al one ſir, beggers are fit for beggers, gētle-folkes for gētlefolkes: I am afraid y^{t} this wōder of y^{e} rich louing y^{e} poor, wil laſt but nine daies: old M.[,] bid this merrie gentlemā home to dinner, you ſhal haue a good diſh of fiſh ſir: & thank him for his good wil to your daughter Griſ.[;] for ile be hāgd if he do not (as many rich cogging marchāts now a daies doe when they haue got what they would) giue her the belles, let her flye.
Gri. Oh beare my Lord with his intemperate tongue[.]
Marq. Griſſill, I take delight to heare him talke.
Bab. I, I, y'oare beſt take mee vp for your foole: are not you he, that came ſpeaking ſo to Griſſill heere? doe you remember how I knockt you once for offering to haue a licke at her lips?
Marq. I doe remember it and for thy paines,
A golden recompence ile giue to thee.
Bab. Why doe, and ile knock you as often as you liſt.
Marq. Griſſill[,] this merrie fellow ſhall be mine,
But we forget our ſelues, the daie growes olde.
Come Lords[,] cheare vp your lookes & with faire smiles,
Grace our intended nuptials: time may come,
When all commaunding loue your hearts ſubdue,
The Marqueſſe may performe as much for you.

[Exeunt.

Enter Farneze, Vrcenze, and Rice meeting them running.

Far. Rice[,] how now man? whether art þ^{u} gallopping?
Ric. Faith euen to finde a full maunger: my teeth water till I be mounching, I haue bin at the Cutlers, to bid him bring away Sir Owens rapier, and I am ambling home thus fast, for feare I am driuen to faſt.
Vrc. But Sirha Rice, when's the day? will not thy maſter Sir Owen and Signior Emulo fight?

---

401 think, I] so *von Coll. eingesetzt.* 408 *Die Klammer steht im alten Drucke hinter* marchāts. 409 would,] 413 ſo? to Griſſill heere,] 415 lips.]

Ric. No, for Signior Emulo has warn'd my Maſter to the court of Conſcience, and theres an order ſet downe, that the coward ſhall pay my Maſter good words weekelie, till the debt of his choller be runne out.

Far. Excellent, but did not Emulo write a challenge to Sir Owen[?]

Rice. No[,] he ſent a terrible one, but hee gaue a ſexton of a Church a groate to write it, and hee ſet his marke to it, for the gull can neither write nor reade.

Vrc. Ha ha, not write and reade? why[,] I haue ſeene him pul out a bundle of ſonnets writen, & read them to Ladies.

Far. He got thē by heart Vrcenze, & ſo deceiu'd the poor ſoules: as a gallant whome I know, cozens others: for my briſke spagled babie will come into a Stationers ſhop, call for a ſtoole and a cuſhion, and then aſking for ſome greeke Poet, to him he falles, and there he grumbles God knowes what, but Ile be ſworne he knowes not ſo much as one Character of the tongue.

Ric. Why[,] then its greeke to him.

Far. Ha, ha, Emulo not write and read?

Ric. Not a letter and you would hang him.

Vrc. Then heele neuer be ſaued by his book.

Ric. No[,] nor by his good workes, for heele doe none. Signiors both, I commend you to the ſkies, I commit you to God, adew.

Far. Nay ſweet Rice[,] a little more.

Ric. A little more will make me a great deale leſſe, houſe keeping you know is out of faſhion: unleſſe I ride poſt, I kiſſe the poſt: in a worde ile tell you all, challenge was ſent, anſwered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fooles, Emulo coward, Sir Owen braue man, farewell, dinner, hungrie: little cheare, great great ſtomacke, meate, meat, meate, mouth, mouth, mouth, adue, adue, adue.

[Exit.

Vrc. Ha, ha, adue Rice, Sir Owen belike keepes a leane Kitchin.

Far. What els man[?] thats one of the miſerable vowes he makes when hee's dubd: yet he doth but as manie of his

441 Ric.] *Coll.* 457 more,]

brother knights doe, keepe an ordinarie table for him and his long coate follower.

Vrc. That long coate makes the maſter a little king, for wherſoeuer his piece of a follower comes hopping after him, hees ſure of a double guarde.

Far. Ile ſet ſome of the Pages vpon thy ſkirts for this.

Vrc. I ſhall feele them no more then ſo many fleas, therefore I care not: but Farneze|,| youle prooue a moſt accompliſht coxecombe.

Far. Oh olde touch lad, this yonker is right Trinidado|,| pure leafe Tobacco, for indeed hee's nothing|:| purffe, reeke, and would be tried (not by God and his countrie) but by fire, the verie ſoule of his ſubſtance and needes would conuert into ſmoke.

Vrc. Hee's Steele to the backe you ſee, for he writes Challenges.

Far. True, and Iron to the head, oh theres a rich leaden minerall amongſt his braines, if his ſkull were well digd. Sirha Vrcence, this is one of thoſe changeable Silke gallants, who in a verie ſcuruie prid, ſcorne al ſchollers, and reade no bookes but a looking glaſſe, and ſpeake no language but ſweet Lady, and ſweet Signior|,| and chew between their teeth terrible words, as though they would coniure, as complement and Proiects, and Faſtidious, & Caprichious, and Miſprizian, and the Sintheresis of the ſoule, and ſuch like raiſe veluet tearmes.

Vrc. What be the accoutremēts now of theſe gallāts?

Far. Indeed thats one of their fuſtia outlādiſh phraſes to, marrie ſir|,| their accoutremēts, are al þe fataſticke faſhions, þt can be taken vp, either vpō truſt or at ſecond hand.

Vrc. Whats their quallities?

Far. None good, theſe are the beſt: to make good faces: to take Tobacco well, to ſpit well, to laugh like a wayting Gentlewoman, to lie well, to bluſh for nothing, to looke big vpon little fellowes, to ſcoffe with a grace, though they haue a verie filthie grace in ſcoffing, and for a needc to ride prettie and well.

---

486 digd,] 488 alschollers,] *Coll.* 495 accontremēts] *Coll.* 497 accontremēts,] *Coll.* 502 Genllewoman,] *Coll.* 503 hane] *Coll.*

Vrc. They cannot chooſe but ride well, becauſe euerie good wit rides them.

Far. Heere's the difference, that they ride vpon horſes: and when they are ridden[,] they are ſpur'd for aſſes; ſo they can crie wighee and hollow kicking iade, they care not if they haue no more learning then a Iade.

Enter Emuloes[,] Sir Owen talking, Rice after them eating ſecretly;

Vrc. No more of theſe Iadiſh tricks: heere comes the hobbie horſe.

Far. Oh he would daunce a morrice rarely if hee were hung with belles.

Vrc. He would iangle vilanouſly.

Far. Peace[,] lets incounter them.

S. O. By Cod Sir Emuloes, ſir Owen is clad out a crie becauſ is friends with her, for Sir Owen ſweare, did her n ſweare, Rice?

Ric. Yes forſooth.

Spits out his meate.

S. Ow. By Cod[,] is ſweare terrible to knog her pade, a fling her ſpingle legs at plum trees, when her come to fali hur tagger and fencing trigs, yes faith, and to breag h ſhins[,] did her not Rice?

Ric. Yes by my troth Sir.

S. Ow. By Cods vdge me[,] is all true, and to giue h a great teale of blouddie noſe, becauſe Sir Emuloes y ſhallenge the prittiſh Knight. Rice you knowe Sir Owe ſhentleman firſt, and ſecondly knight, what apox ale you Ric is ſhoke now?

Ric. No ſir[,] I haue my fiue ſences and am as wel a any man.

S. O. Well[,] here is hand, now is mighty friends.

Emu. Sir Owen [—]

Far. Now the gallimaufrie of language comes in.

Emu. I proteſt to you, the magnitude of my condolemei hath bin eleuated the higher to ſee you and my ſelfe, tw gentlemen [—]

S. Ow. Nay tis well knowne Sir Owen is good ſhentl man, is not[,] Rice?

---

509 aſſes,] 511 hawe] *Coll.* 521 *In der Bühnenanweisung* Sp *Coll.* 529 Knight,] 539 gentlemen.]

Ric. He that ſhall deny it Sir[,] ile make him eate his words.

Emu. Good friend[,] I am not in the Negatiue[:] bee not ſo Caprichious, you miſprize me, my collocution tēdeth to S. Owens dignifiing.

Far. Lets ſtep in. God ſaue you Singnior Emulo.

Vrc. Well encountred S. Owen.

S. O. Owe, how do you[?] S. Em. is frends out a cry now[;] but Emuloes[,] take heede, you match no more loue trigs to widdow Gwenthyans, by Cod vrdge me, that doe ſo muſt knoge her, ſee you nowe?

Em. Not ſo tempeſtious ſweet knight: though to my diſconſolation, I will obliuionize my loue to the welch widdowe, and doe heere proclaime my delinquiſhment, but ſweet Signior[,] be not to Diogenicall to me.

Sir O. Ha ha[,] is knowe not what genicalls meane, but Sir Owen will genicall her, and her tag her genicalling Gwenthyan.

Far. Nay faith[,] weele haue you found friends indeede, otherwiſe you know, Signior Emulo, if you ſhould beare all the wrongs, you would be out Athlaſſed.

Emu. Moſt true.

Sir O. By god[,] is out a cric friends, but harg Farneze, Vrcenze[,] twag a great teale to Emuloes: Ow. is great teale of frends: ha ha[,] is tell fine admirable ſheſt, by Cod[,] Emuloes, for feare S. Owen, knog her ſhines, is tell, Sir Owen by tozen shentlemen[,] her pooets is put about with lathes, ha, ha, ſerge her[,] ſerge her.

Fa. No more[,] tell Vrcenze of it: why ſhould you two fall out for the loue of a woman, conſidering what ſtore we haue of them? Sir Emulo[,] I gratulate your peace, your company you know is precious to vs, and weele bee merrie, and ride abroad: before god[.] now I talke of riding, Sir Owen me thinkes has an excellent boote.

Vrc. His leg graces the boote.

S. Ow. By God[,] is fine leg and fine poote to: but Emulas leg is petter, and finer, and ſhenglier ſkin to weare.

Emu. I bought them of a pennurious Cordwainer, & they are the moſt incongruent that ere I ware.

---

546 Lets ſtep in,] 560 our *statt* out] *Coll.* 565 S. Owen,]

S. Own. Congruent? ſploud[,] what leather is congruent, ſpaniſh leather?

Emu. Ha ha, well Gentlemen[,] I haue other proiects becken for me, I muſt diſgreſſe from this bias, and leaue you: accept I beſeech you of this vulgar and domeſtick complement.

Whilſt they are ſaluting, Sir Owen gets to Emuloes leg and puls downe his Boote.

Sir O. Pray Emuloes[,] let her ſee her congruente leather[;] ha ha, owe what a pox is heere: ha, ha[,] is mag a wall to her ſhins, for keeb her warme?

Fa. Whats heer[,] lathes? where's the lime & hair Emulo?

Ric. Oh rare, is this to ſaue his ſhins?

S. Ow. Ha, ha, Rice[,] goe call Gwenthyan.

Ric. I will maſter[:] dahoma, Gwenthyan[,] dahoma?

S. Ow. A pogs on her[,] goe fedge her and call her within.

Ric. I am gone ſir.

[Exit Rice.

Fa. Nay ſir Owen[,] what meane you?

S. Ow. By Cod[,] is meane ta let Gwenthyan ſee what bobie foole loue her, a pogs on you.

Emu. Sir Owen and Signiors both, doe not expatiate my obloquie, my loue ſhall bee ſo faſt conglutinated to you.

S. Ow. Cods plud, you call her gluttons? Gwenthyan, ſo ho Gwenthyan?

Emu. Ile not diſgeſt this pill, Signiors, adieu. You are Faſtidious and I baniſh you.

[Exit Emulo.

Enter Gwenthyan.

Fa. Gods ſo, heere comes the widdow, but in faith Sir Owen[,] ſay nothing of this.

S. Ow. No[,] goe to thē! by Cod[,] Sir Owen beare as praue minde as Emprour.

Gwe. Who calles Gwenthyan ſo great teale of time?

Vre. Sweet widdow[,] euen your countrieman heere.

S. Ow. Belly the ruddo whee: wrage witho, Mandag eny Mou duſac whellock en wea awh.

Gwe. Sir Owen[,] gramarrye whee: Gwenthyan Mandage eny, ac wellock en Thawen en ryn mogh.

(587 Emulo,] 589 Gwenthyan,] 598 gluttons,] 604 thē,]

Far. Mundage Thlawen, oh my good widdow[,] gabble that we may vnderſtand you, and haue at you.

S. Ow. Haue at her: nay by Cod[,] is no haue at her to. Is tawge in her prittiſh tongue, for tis fine delicates tongue, I can tell her: welſhe tongue is finer as greeke tongue.

Far. A bakte Neates tongue is finer then both.

S. Ow. But what ſaies Gwenthyans now? will haue Sir Owen? Sir Owen is knowne for a wiſelie man, as any ſince Adam and Eues time, and that is by Gods vdge me a great teale agoe.

Vrc. I thinke Salomon was wiſer then Sir Owen.

S. Ow. Salomons had prettie wit: but what ſay you to King Tauie: King Tauie is well knowne was as good muſitions, as the peſt fidler in aul Italie, and King Tauie was Sir Owens countrieman, yes truely a prettiſh ſhentlemen porne, and did twinckle, twinckle, twinckle, out a crie vpon welſhharpe, and tis knowne Tauie loue Mistris Perſabe, as Sir Owen loues Gwenthyan: will her haue Sir Owen now?

Far. Faith widdow[,] take him, Sir owen is a tall man I can tell you.

S. ow. Tall man, as God vnde mee, her thinke the prittiſh ſhentleman is faliant as Mars[,] that is [—| the fine knaues, the poets ſay |—] the God of pribles & prables. I hope widdowe[,] you ſee little more in Sir owen then in Sir Emuloes; ſay ſhall her haue her now? tis faliant, as can deſire, I warrant her.

Gw. Sir Owen, Sir Owen, tis not for faliant, Gwenthyan care ſo much, but for honeſt and fertuous, and louing and pundall to leade her haue her will.

S. owe. God vdge mee, tage her away to her huſband, and is led her haue her will owd a crie, yet by God is pridle her well enoughe.

Gw. Well S. owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cozen Gualther the Duke, for you knowe is her neere cozen by marriage, by tother huſband that pring her from Wales.

ow. By Cod[,] Wales is better countrie than Italies, a great teale ſo better.

---

614 to,] 616 her.] 619 Owen,] 633 ſhentleman,] 634 prables,] 635 Emuloes,] 636 her? haue her now,]

Gw. Now if her cozen Gwalther ſay Gwenthyan[,] tage ths pritiſh knight, ſhall loue her diggon: but muſt haue her good will: marg your thad Sir owen.

ow. Owe whats elſe: Sir owen marg þt ferrewel, yet ſhall tage her downe quiglie inough; come widdowe[,] will wag to the coward, now to her cozen, and bid her cozen tell her minde of Sir owen.

Gw. Youle man Gwenthyan Sir owen?

ow. Yes by Cod[,] and prauely to; come Shentlemans[,] you'le tag paines to goe with her.

Far. Weele follow you preſently Sir owen.

S. ow. Come widdow: Vn loddis Glane Gwēthyā ā mondu.

Gw. Gramercie wheeh, Am a Mock honnoh.

[Exeunt.

Far. So this wil be rare: Sirrah Vrcenze, at the marriage night of theſe two, inſteede of Io Hymen, we ſhall heere hey ho Hiemen, their loue will bee like a great fire made of bay leaues, that yeeldes nothing but cracking noiſe, noiſe.

Vrc. If ſhe miſſe his crowne[,] tis no matter for crackking.

Far. So ſhe ſoader it againe, it will paſſe currant.

Enter Onophrio and Iulia walking ouer the Stage.

Vrc. Peace[,] heere comes our faire miſtris.

Far. Lets haue a fling at her.

Vrc. So you may, but the hardnes is to hit her.

Ono. Farewel[!] Farneze[,] you attēd wel vpō your miſtris.

Iul. Nay, nay, their wages ſhall be of the ſame colour that their ſeruice is of.

Far. Faith miſtris[,] would you had trauelled a litile ſooner this way, you ſhould haue ſeene a rare comedy acted by Emulo.

Vrc. Euerie courteous mouth will be a ſtage for that, rather tell her of the welch tragedie that's towards.

Iul. What Tragedie?

Far. Sir Owen ſhall marrie your couzen Gwenthyan.

Iul. Iſt poſſible: oh they two will beget braue warriours: for if ſhe scolde[,] heele fight, and if he quarrell[,] ſheele take

653 inough,] 657 to,] 658 her?] 666 crackking,] 671 miſtris,] 680 Gwenthyan,]

vp the bucklers: ſhee's fire and hee's brimſtone, muſt not there be hot doeings then[,] thinke you?

On. Theyle prooue Turtles, for their hearts being ſo like, they cannot chooſe but bee louing.

Iul. Turtles: Turkie-cocks, for Gods loue[,] lets intreate the Duke my brother, to make a lawe, that whereſoeuer Sir Owen and his Ladie dwell, the next neighbour may alwaies be Conſtable, leaſt the peace bee broken, for theyle doe nothing but crye arme, arme, arme.

Far. I thinke ſir Owen would die rather then looſe her loue.

Iul. So thinke not I.

On. I ſhould for Iulia, if I were Julies huſband.

Iul. Therefore Iulia ſhal not be Onophries wife, for Ile haue none die for me. I like not that coloure.

Far. Yes[,] for your loue you would Iulia.

Iul. No[,] nor yet for my hate Farneze.

Vrc. Would you not haue men loue you ſweet miſtris?

Iul. No[,] not I, fye vpon it ſweet ſeruant.

On. Would you wiſh men to hate you?

Iul. Yes[,] rather then loue me, of al ſaints I loue not to ſerue miſtris Venus.

Far. Then I perceiue you meane to leade apes in hell.

Iul. That ſpiteful prouerbe was proclaim'd againſt them that are marryed vpon earth, for to be married is to liue in a kinde of hell.

Far. I[,] as they doe at barlibreake.

Iul. Your wife is your ape, and that heauie burthen wedlocke, your Iacke an Apes clog, therefore ile not bee tyed too, t: Maſter Farneze, ſweet virginitie is that inuiſible God-head that turns vs into Angells, that makes vs ſaints on earth and ſtarres in heauen: heere Virgins ſeeme goodly, but there glorious: In heauen is no wooing[,] yet all there are louely: in heauen are no weddings[,] yet al there are louers.

On. Let us[,] ſweet Madame[,] turne earth into heauen, by being all louers heere to.

Iul. So we doe[,] to an earthly heauen we turne it.

---

687 louelets] 688 tomake] 690 theyl'e] 704 prceiue] *Coll.*

On. Nay[,] but deare Iulia, tel vs why ſo much you hate, to enter into the liſts of this ſame combat[,] Matrimonie?

Iul. You may well call that a combat, for indeede marriage is nothing elſe, but a battaile of loue, a friendly fighting, a kinde of fauourable terrible warre: but you erre Onophrio in thinking I hate it[:] I deale by marriage as ſome Indians doe [by] the Sunne, adore it, and reuerence it, but dare not ſtare on it, for feare I be ſtarke blinde: you three are batchellers, and being ſicke of this maiden-head, count al thinges bitter, which the phiſicke of a ſingle life minniſters vnto you: you imagine if you could mak the armes of faire Ladies the ſpheres of your hearts, good hearts, then you were in heauen: oh but Batchilers[,] take heede, you are no ſooner in that heauen, but you ſtraite ſlip into hell.

Far. As long as I haue a beautifull Ladie to torment me, I care not.

Vrc. Nor I[,] the ſweetnes of her lookes ſhall make me relliſh any punniſhment.

On. Except the punniſhment of the horne[,] Vrcenze, put that in.

Iul. Nay hee were beſt put that by: Lord, Lord, ſee what vnthrifts this loue makes vs? if he once but get into our mouthes, hee labours to turne our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in, at Cupids Church when we were better to bite off our tōgues, ſo we may thruſt him out, Cupid is ſworne enemie to time, & he that looſeth time I can tell you looſeth a friend.

Fa. I, a bald friend.

Iu. Therefore my good ſeruants[,] if you weare my liuerie, caſt of this looſe vpper coate of loue: bee aſhamde to waite vppon a boy, a wag, a blinde boy, a wanton: My brother the Duke wants our companies, tis Idlenes and loue, makes you captaines to this ſolitarines, followe me & loue not, & ile teach you how to find libertie.

All. We obey to follow you, but not to loue you, no[,] renounce that obedience.

[Exeunt.

Enter the Marqueſſe and Furio.

Marq. Furio.

Fur. My Lorde.

721 Martimonie] 726 [by] *von Coll. eingesetzt.* 745 afriend.] 747 if.]

Marq. Thy faith I oft haue tride, thy faith I credite[.]
For I haue found it ſollid as the rocke:
No babbling eccho ſits vpon thy lips,
For ſilence euen in ſpeach, doth ſeale them vp.
Wilt thou be truſtie Furio to thy Lorde?
Fur. I will.
Marq. It is enough, thoſe words I will,
Yeelds ſweeter muſicke then the gilded ſounds,
Which chatting parrats[,] long toung'd ſicophants,
Send from the organs of their ſiren voice.
Griſſill my wife thou ſeeſt beare in her wombe,
The ioy of marriage: Furio[,] I proteſt,
My loue to her is as the heate to fire,
Her loue to mee as beautie to the Sunne,
(Inſeperable adiuncts)[:] in one word,
So dearely loue I Griſſill, that my life
Shall end, when ſhe doth ende to be my wife.
Fur. Tis well done.
Marq. Yet is my boſome burnt vp with deſires,
To trie my Griſſils patience, Ile put on
A wrinckled forehead, and turne both mine eyes
Into two balles of fire, and claſpe my hand
Like to a mace of Iron, to threaten death.
But Furio[,] when that hand lifts vp to ſtrike,
It ſhall flie open to embrace my loue,
Yet Griſſill muſt not knowe this: all my words,
Shall ſmack of wormewood, all my deeds of gall,
My tongue ſhall iarre, my hart be muſicall,
Yet Griſſill muſt not knowe this.

Enter Griſſill.

Fur. Not for me.
Marq. Furio[,] My triall is thy ſecrecie,
Yonder ſhe comes: on goes this maſke of frownes,
Tell her I am angrie: men men[,] trie your wiues,
Loue that abides ſharpe tempeſts, ſweetely thriues.
Fur. My Lorde is angry.

760 vp,] 765 voice,] 776 eyes,] 784 this?]

Grif. Angry? the heauēs forefēd: with whō? for what?
Is it with mee?
Fur. Not me.
Grif. May I preſume,
To touch the vaine of that ſad diſcontent,
Which ſwels vpon my deare Lords angrie browe?
Marq. Away away!
Grif. Oh chide me not away,
Your handmaid Griſſill with vnuexed thoughts,
And with an vnrepining ſoule, will beare
The burden of all ſorrowes, of all woe,
Before the ſmalleſt griefe ſhould wound you ſo.
Marq. I am not beholding to your loue for this,
Woman I loue thee not, thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of Baſiliſkes, they murder me.
Grif. Suffer me to part hence, Ile teare them out,
Becauſe they worke ſuch treaſon to my loue.
Marq. Talke not of loue[,] I hate thee more thē poyſon
That ſtickes vpon the aires infected winges,
Exhald vp by the hot breath of the Sunne.
Tis for thy ſake that ſpeckled infamie,
Sits like a ſcreech-owle on my honoured breſt,
To make my ſubiects ſtare and mocke at mee.
They ſweare theyle neuer bend their awfull knees
To the baſe iſſue of thy begger wombe,
Tis for thy ſake they curſe me, raile at me:
Thinkſt thou then I can loue thee[?] (oh my ſoule)
Why didſt thou builde this mountaine of my ſhame,
Why lye my ioyes buried in Griſſills name?
Gri. My gracious Lorde [—]
Marq. Call not me gracious Lorde,
See woman[,] heere hangs vp thine aunceſtrie,
The monuments of thy nobillitie,
This is thy ruſſet gentrie, coate, and creſt[:]
Thy earthen honors I will neuer hide,
Becauſe this bridle ſhall pull in thy, pride.

---

794 Away away,] 806 Sunne,] 809 mee,] 810 knees,] 812 raile at me,] 816 Lorde.]

Grif. Poore Griſſill is not proud of theſe attires,
They are to me but as your liuerie,
And from your humble ſeruant[,] when you pleaſe,
You may take all this outſide, which, indeede
Is none of Griſſills, her beſt wealth is neede.
Ile caſt this gayneſſe of, and be content
To weare this ruſſet brauerie of my owne,
For thats more warme then this. I ſhall looke olde,
No ſooner in courſe freeze then cloth of golde.
Marq. Spite of my ſoule ſheele triumph ouer mee.
Fur. Your gloue my Lord.
Marq. Caſt downe my gloue againe,
Stoope you for it, for I will haue you ſtoope,
And kneele euen to the meaneſt groome I keepe.
Grif. Tis but my duetie[;] if youle haue me ſtoope,
Euen to your meaneſt groome my Lord ile ſtoope.
Marq. Furio[,] how ſlouenly thou goeſt attir'd?
Fu. Why ſo my lorde?
Marq. Looke heere[,] thy ſhooes are both vntide,
Griſſill[,] kneele you and tye them.
Fur. Pardon me.
Marq. Quickely I charge you.
Grif. Friend[,] you doe me wrong,
To let me holde my Lord in wrath so long,
Stand ſtill[,] Ile kneele and tye them: what I doe
Furio tis done to him and not to you.

Tyes them.

Fur. Tis ſo.
Marq. Oh ſtrange[,] oh admirall patience,
I feare when Griſſills bones ſleepe in her graue,
The world a ſecond Griſſill nere will haue.
Now get you in.
Grif. I goe my gracious Lord.

[Exit.

Marq. Didſt thou not here her ſigh, did not one frown
Contract her beautious forehead?
Fur. I ſaw none.

---

826 neede,] 829 this,] 836 ſtoope,] 841 I charge you,] 844 *in der Bühnenanweisung* Tye] *Coll.* 848 haue,] 851 forehead.]

Marq. Did not one drop fal downe frō ſorrowes eies,
To blame my heart for theſe her iniuries?
Fur. Faith not a drop, I feare ſheele frowne on mee,
For doeing mee ſeruice.
Marq. Furio[,] that ile trie,
My voice may yet ore-take her: Griſſill, Griſſill?

Enter Griſſill.

Fur. She comes at firſt call.
Gri. Did my Lorde call?
Marq. Woman[,] I cald thee not,
I ſaid this ſlaue was like to Griſſill, Griſſill,
And muſt you therefore come to torture mee?
Nay ſtay[:] here's a companion fit for you.
Thou vexeſt me, ſo doth this villaine to,
But ere the Sun to his higheſt throne aſcend,
My indignation in his death ſhall end.
Gri. Oh pardone him my Lord, for mercies wings
Beares round about the world the fame of Kings,
Temper your wrath[,] I beg it on my knee,
Forgiue his fault though youle not pardon mee.
Marq. Thanke her.
Fu. Thankes Madame.
Marq. I haue not true power,
To wound thee with deniall; oh my Griſſill,
How dearely ſhould I loue thee,
Yea die to doe thee good, but that my ſubiects
Upbraid me with thy birth, and call it baſe,
And grieue to ſee thy Father and thy Brother
Heau'de vp to dignities.
Gri. Oh caſt them downe,
And ſend poore Griſſill poorely home againe,
High Cedars fall, when lowe ſhrubs ſafe remaine.

Enter at the ſame doore Mario and Lepido.

Marq. Fetch me a cup of wine.

[Exit Griſſill.

Fur. Shees a ſaint ſure.

---

855 ſeruice?] 861 you,] 868 mee,] 870 deniall,] 878 Mari. *ſtatt* Marq.] — Exit (*ohne* Griſſill) *ſteht hinter V.* 877] *Coll.*

Marq. Oh Furio[,] now ile boaſt that I haue found
An Angell vpon earth: ſhee ſhalbe crouned
The empreſſe of all women. Lepido?
Mario? what was ſhe that paſſed by you?
Both. Your vertuous wife.
Marq. Call her not vertuous,
For I abhorre her, did not her ſwolne eyes
Looke red with hate or ſcorne? Did ſhe not curſe
My name or Furioes name?
Mari. No my deare Lord.
Marq. For he and I raild at her, ſpit at her,
Ile burſt her heart with ſorrow', for I grieue
To ſee you grieue that I haue wrong'd my ſtate,
By louing one whoſe baſenes now I hate.

Enter Griffill with wine.

Come faſter if you can; forbeare Mario,
Tis but her office: what ſhe does to mee,
She Shall performe to any of you three.
Ile drinke[.]
Lep. I am glad to ſee her pride thus trampled downe[.]
Marq. Now ſerue Mario, then ſerue Lepido:
And as you bowe to me, ſo bend to them.
Grif. Ile not deni't to win a diademe.
Mari. Your wiſdome I commend that haue þe power
To raiſe or throw downe as you ſmile or lower.
Grif. Your patience I commend that can abide,
To heare a flatterer ſpeake[,] yet neuer chide.
Marq. Hence, hence[!] dare you controule thē whome I grace[?]
Come not within my ſight.
Grif. I will obey,
And if you pleaſe, nere more beholde the day.

[Exit.

Marq. Furio?
Fur. My Lorde.
Marq. Watch her where ſhe goes,
And marke how in her lookes this tryeall ſhewes.
Fur. I will[.]

[Exit.

879 found,] 891 can,] 893 three,] 894 *steht am Ende von* 892] 906 Lorde,]

Marq. Mario, Lepido, I loath this Griſſill,
As ſicke men loath the bittereſt potion
Which the Phiſitions hand holdes out to them.
For Gods ſake frowne vpon her when ſhe ſmiles,
For Gods ſake ſmile for ioy to ſee her frowne,
For Gods ſake ſcorne her, call her beggers brat,
Torment her with your lookes, your words[,] your deedes,
My heart ſhall leape for ioy, that her heart bleedes,
Wilt thou doe this Mario?
Mari. If you ſay,
Mario, doe this[,] I muſt in it obey.
Marq. I know you muſt, ſo Lepido[,] muſt you[.]
Tis well; but counſell me whats beſt to doe,
How ſhall I pleaſe my ſubiects? doe but ſpeake,
Ile doe it though Griſſils heart in ſunder breake.
Lepi. Your ſubiects doe repine at nothing more,
Then to beholde Ianicola[,] her Father,
And her baſe brother lifted vp ſo high.
Mari. To baniſh them from Court were pollicie.
Marq. Oh rare, oh profound wiſedome! deare Mario,
It foorthwith ſhall be done, they ſhall not ſtay,
Though I may win by them a Kingdomes ſway.

[Exit.

Lep. Mario[,] laugh at this.
Ma. Why ſo I doe.
Hedlong I had rather fall to miſerie
Than ſee a begger raiſ'd to dignitie.

[Exeunt.

Enter Babulo ſinging with a boy after him.

Bab. Boy[,] how fits my rapier: la ſol[,] la ſol. &c.
Boy. It hangs as euen as a chandlers beame.
Bab. Some of them deſerue to hang vpon a beame for that euennes, boy[,] learne to giue euery man his due. giue the hangman his due, for hee's a neceſſary member.
Boy. Thats true, for he cuts of manie wicked mebers.
Bab. Hees an excellent barber, he ſhaues moſt cleanly[ ]
But page[,] how doſt thou like the Court?
Boy. Prettilie and ſo.

911 them.] 916 bleedes,] 927 wiſedome.] 929 ſway,] 931 miſerie.] 941 ſo,]

Bab. Faith ſo doe I[,] pretlie and ſo: I am wearie of being a Courtiour Boy.

Boy. That you cannot bee Maſter, for you are but a Courtiers man.

Bab. Thou ſaiſt true & thou art the Courtiers mans boy, ſo thou art a courtier in decimo ſexto[,] in the leaſt volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by reuerſion, or a courtier three deſcents remoued, or a courtier in minoritie or an vnder Courtier or a courtier in poſſe, and I thie Maſter in eſſe.

Boy. A poſſe an eſſe non eſte argumentum[,] Maſter.

Bab. Thou haſt to much wit to be ſo little. but imitation, imitation, is his good Lord and Maſter.

Enter Ianicola[,] Laureo and Furio.

Iani. Baniſht from Court, oh what haue wee miſdone?

Lau. What haue wee done, wee muſt bee thus diſgraced?

Fu. I know not, but you are beſt packe, tis my Lords will, and thats law, I muſt vncaſe you: your beſt courſe is to fall to your owne trades.

Ba. Sirra, what art thou[?] a Broker?

Fu. No, how then? I am a Gentleman.

Ba. Th'art a Iewe, th'art a Pagan: how darſt thou leaue them without a cloke for the raine, whē his daughter, and his ſiſter, and my Miſtris is the Kings wife?

Fu. Goe looke, ſirra foole, my condition is to ſhip you too.

Bab. There's a ſhip of fooles ready to hoyſt ſayle[;] they ſtay but for a good winde and your company: ha ha ha, I wonder (if all fooles were baniſht) where thou wouldſt take ſhipping.

Ian. Peace Babulo, we are baniſht from the Court.

Bab. I am glad, it ſhall eaſe me of a charge heere, as long as we haue good cloathes on our backes, tis no matter for our honeſty, wee'll liue any where, and keep Court in any corner.

Enter Griffill.

Ian. O my deere Griffill.

Gri. You from me are baniſht,

But ere you leaue the Court, oh leaue I pray

---

951 eſſe:] 952 Maſter,] 961 then,]

Your griefe in Griffils bofome, let my cheekes
Be watred with woes teares, for heere and heere,
And in the error of thefe wandring eyes,
Began your difcontent: had not I been,
By nature painted thus: this had not been.
Do leaue the Court and care be patient,
In your olde cottage you fhall finde content.
Mourne not becaufe thefe filkes are tane away,
You'll feeme more rich in a courfe gowne of gray.
Fur. Will you be packing? when?
Lau. Friend|,| whats thy name?
Fur. Furio my name is, what of that?
Bab. Is thy name Furie? thou art halfe hang'd, for thou haft an ill name.
Lau. Thy lookes are like thy name. thy name & lookes Approoue thy nature to be violent.
Grif. Brother[,| forbeare, hee's feruant to my Lord.
Ba. To him, M. fpare him not an inch.
Lau. Princes are neuer pleaf'd with fubiects finnes,
But pitie thofe whom they are fworne to fmite,
And grieue as tender mothers when they beate,
With kinde correction their vnquiet babes —
So fhould their Officers compaffionate,
The mifery of any wretches ftate.
Fur. I muft obey my Maſter, though indeed
My heart (that feemes hard) at their wrongs doth bleed.
Pray get you gone, I fay little, but you knowe my minde.
Bab. Little faid is foone amended, thou fay'ft but little, and that little will be mended foone|,| indeed, thats neuer, and fo the Prouerbe ftands in his full ftrength, power and vertue.

Enter Marqueffe, Mario and Lepido, and attendantes.

Fur. They will not goe my Lord.
Marq. Will they not goe?
Away with them, expell them from our Court!
Bafe wretches, is it wrong to afke mine owne?
Thinke you that my affection to my wife,

980 been,] 981 To leaue] 1006 Court,]

Is greater then my loue to publicke weale?
Doe not my people murmure euerie houre,
That I haue raiſ'd you vp to dignities?
Doe not lewde Minſtrels[,] in their ribalde rimes,
Scofe at her birth, and deſcant on her dower?
Ian. Alas my Lord, you knew her ſtate before.
Marq. I did, and from the bounty of my heart,
I rob'd my wardrop of all precious robes,
That ſhe might ſhine in beautie like the Sunne,
And in exchange, I hung this ruſſet gowne,
And this poore pitcher[,] for a monument,
Amongſt my coſtlieſt Iemmes: ſee heere they hang,
Griſſill[,] looke heere, this gowne is vnlike to this?
Grif. My gratious Lord, I know full well it is.
Ba. Griſſill was as pretty a Griſſill in the one as in the other.
Marq. You haue forgot theſe rags, this water pot.
Grif. With reuerence of your Highnes I haue not.
Ba. Nor I, many a good meſſe of water grewell has that yeelded vs.
Marq. Yes, you are proude of theſe your rich attyres.
Grif. Neuer did pride keep pace with my deſires.
Marq. Wel, get you on, part brieflie with your father.
Ian. Our parting ſhall be ſhort: daughter[.] farewell.
Lau. Our parting ſhall be ſhort. ſiſter[,] farewell.
Ba. Our parting ſhall be ſhort: Griſſill[.] farewell.
Ian. Remember thou didſt liue when thou wert poor.
And now thou doſt but liue, come ſonne[,] no more.
Marq. See them without the Pallace Furio.
Fu. Good, yet tis bad.

[Exeunt with Furio.

Ba. Shall Furio ſee them out of the Pallace? doe you turne vs out of doores? you turne vs out of doores then?
Marq. Hence with that foole, Mario[,] driue him hence.
Ba. He ſhall not neede, I am no Oxe nor Aſſe, I can goe without driuing: for al his turning, I am glad of one thing.

1032 ſhort,] *ebenso* 1033 *u.* 1034. 1043 driuing,]

Lep. Whats that Babulo?

Bab. Mary that hee ſhall neuer hit vs ith teeth with turning vs, for tis not a good turne. Follower[,] I muſt caſhere you: I muſt giue ouer houſkeeping, tis the faſhion, farewell boy.

Boy. Marie farewell and be hang'd.

Ba. I am glad thou tak'ſt thy death so patiently, farewell my Lord, adue my Lady. Great was the wiſedome of that Taylor, that ſtitcht me in Motley, for hee's a foole that leaues baſket making to turne Courtier: I ſee my deſtiny dogs me: at firſt I was a foole (for I was borne an Innocent)[,] then I was a traueller, and then a Baſket-maker, and then a Courtier, and now I muſt turne baſket-maker and foole againe: the one I am ſworne to, but the foole I beſtowe vpon the world, for Stultorum plena ſunt omnia[,] adue, adue.

[Exit.

Mar. Farewell ſimplicity, part of my ſhame[,] farewell. Now Lady[,] what ſay you of their exile?

Gri. What euer you thinke good Ile not terme vile.
By this rich burthen in my worthles wombe,
Your hand-maide is ſo ſubiect to your will,
That nothing which you doe, to her ſeemes ill.

Mar. I am glad you are ſo patient, get you in.

[Exit Gr.

Thy like will neuer be, neuer hath bin.
Mario, Lepido?

Mario. Lepi. My gratious Lord.

Mar. The hand of pouerty held downe your ſtates,
As it did Griſſils, and as her I rayſ'd,
To ſhine in greatnes ſphere, ſo did mine eye,
Through gilt beames of your births, therfore me thinkes
Your ſoule ſhould ſimpathize, and you ſhould know,
What paſſions in my Griſſils boſome flowe.
Faith tell me your opinions of my wife?

Lep. She is as vertuous and as patient,
As innocence, as patience it ſelfe.

1046 turne, follower] 1051 Lady, great] 1056 againe,] 1059 farewell,] 1061 vile,] 1065 in,] 1073 flowe,]

Mari. She merits much of loue, little of hate,
Onely in birth ſhe is vnfortunate.
Marq. I, I, the memory of that birth doth kill me.
She is with childe you ſee: her trauaile paſt,
I am determined ſhe ſhall leaue the Court,
And liue againe with olde Ianicola.
Both. Therein you ſhew true wiſedome.
Marq. Doe I indeed?
Deare friends[,] it ſhall be done, Ile haue you two
Rumour that preſently, to the wide eares
Of that newes-louing-beaſt[,] the multitude:
Goe tell them for their ſakes this ſhall be done.
Mari. With wings we flye.
Lep. Swifter then time we run.

[Exeunt.

Marq. Begone[.] then: oh theſe times, theſe impious times,
How ſwift is miſchiefe? with what nimble feete
Doth enuy gallop to doe iniury?
They both confeſſe my Griſſils innocence,
They both admire her wondrous patience,
Yet in their malice and to flatter me,
Head-long they run to this impiety.
Oh whats this world, but a confuſed throng
Of fooles and mad men, crowding in a thruſt
To ſhoulder out the wiſe, trip downe the iuſt.
But I will try by ſelfe experience,
And ſhun the vulgar ſentence of the baſe.
If I finde Griſſill ſtrong in patience,
Theſe flatterers ſhall be wounded with diſgrace,
And whilſt verſe liues, the fame ſhall neuer dye,
Of Griſſils patience, and her conſtancy.

[Exit.

Enter Vrcenze and Onophrio at ſeuerall doores, and Farneze in the mid'ſt.

Far. Onophrio and Vrcenze[,] early met, euery man take

1079 mirth] *Coll. Ebd.* me,] 1080 ſee,] 1086 multitude,] 1089 impious times,] 1100 baſe,] 1104 Farnezie] *in der Bühnenanweisung nach dieser Zeile.*

his ſtand, for there comes a moſt rich purchaſe of mirth: Emulo with his hand in a faire ſcarfe, and Iulia with him, ſhe laughes apace, and therefore I am ſure hee lyes apace.

Enter Emulo with Iulia.

Ono. His arme in a ſcarfe? has he been fighting?

Far. Fighting? hang him[,] coward.

Vrc. Perhaps he does it to ſhew his ſcarfe.

Far. Peace, heere the aſſe comes: ſtand aſide, and ſee him curuet.

Iul. Did my new maried couſen[,] Sir Owen[,] wound you thus?

Emu. Hee certes! As he is allyed to the illuſtrious Iulia, I liue his deuoted, as Signior Emuloes enemy, no adulatory language can redeeme him from vengeance: if you pleaſe my moſt accomplifht Miſtris, I will make a moſt palpable demonſtration of our battaile.

Iul. As palpably as you can good ſeruant.

Ono. Oh ſhe gulles him ſimply.

Far. She has reaſon, is he not a ſimple gull?

Vrc. Sound an allarum ere his battle begin.

Far. Peace, ſa, ſa, ſa.

Emu. Sir Owen and my ſelfe encountring, I vailde my vpper garment, and enriching my head againe with a fine veluet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it of Orient Pearle and Golde, and a fooliſh ſprig of ſome nine or ten pound price, or ſo, wee grewe to an emparleance.

Far. Oh ho[,] ho, this is rare.

Iul. You did wiſely to conferre before you combated.

Emu. Uerily we did ſo, but falling into the handes of bitter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.

Ono. True, his gloues to ſaue his hands.

Vrc. No, his hand-kercher to wipe his face.

Far. He ſweat pittifully for feare, if it were true: if [—]

Emu. I was then encountred with a pure Toledo ſiluered: and eleuating mine arme, in the drawing (by Ieſu ſweete Madame, my rich cloake[,] loaded with Pearle, which I wore at

1112 comes,] 1116 certes, as] 1137 if,]

your ſiſter Griſſils bridall. I made it then (by God) of meere purpoſe, to grace the Court, and ſo foorth) that fooliſh garment dropped downe: the buttons were illuſtrious and reſplendent diamonds, but its all one.

Far. Nay, they were all ſcarce one.

Emu. Diuine Lady[,] as I ſaid, we both lying,

Fa. Ile be ſworne[.] thou doſt.

Emu. I muſt recognize and confeſſe, very generouſlie, and heroycallie at our ward, the welſh Knight[,] making a very deſperate thruſt at my boſome, before God[,] fairely miſt my imbroydered Ierkin that I then wore, and with my ponyard vapulating and checking his engine downe, it cut mee a payre of very imperiall cloth of golde hoſe, at leaſt thus long thwart the cannon, at leaſt.

Iul. And miſt your leg?

Fa. I, and his hoſe too.

Emu. And miſt my leg (moſt bright ſtarre)[:] which aduantagious ſigne I ( ) this legge, (hauing a fayre carnation ſilke ſtocking on) ſtumbled, my ſpangled garters in that impriſion fell about my feete, and he[,] fetching a moſt valarous and ingenious careere, inuaded my Rapier hand, entred this gilded fort, and in that paſſado vulnerated my hand thus deepe[,] I proteſt, and conteſt heauen.

Iul. No more, its too tragicall.

Emu. I conclude, I thought (by the Syntereſis of my ſoule) I had not been imperiſhed, till the bloud[.] ſhewing his red tincture, at the top of a faire enueloped gloue, ſunke along my arme, & ſpoil'd a rich waſtecoate wrought in ſilke and golde, a toy &c.

Far. Hee'll ſtrip himſelfe out of his ſhirt anone. For Gods ſake[,] ſtep in.

Emu. My opinion is I ſhall neuer recuperate the legittimate office of this member[,] my arme.

All 3. Signior Emulo.

Emu. Sweet and accompliſht Signiors.

Far. Ha[,] ha, Madame[,] you had a pitiful hand with this foole, but ſee he is recouered.

1141 bridall,] 1170 anone, for]

Iu. But ſeruant[.] where is your other hand?

Ono. See ſweet miſtris[.] one is my priſoner.

Vrc. The other I haue tane vp with the fine finger.

Iul. Looke in his ſcarfe Farneze for an other, hee has a third hand, and tis pitifully wounded hee tels me, pitifully, pitifully.

Far. Wounded? oh palpable! come[,] a demonſtration of it.

Ono. Giue him your larded cloake Signior to ſtop his mouth, for he will vndoe you with lyes.

Vrc. Come Signior, one fine lye now to apparrell all theſe former, in ſome light ſarcenet robe of truth: none, none, in this mint?

Iul. Fye ſeruant, is your accomplifht Courtſhip nothing but lyes?

Ono. Fye Signior, no muſicke in your mouth, but battles. yet a meere milke-ſop.

Vrc. Fye Emulo, nothing but wardrop, yet heare all your trunckes of ſuites?

Far. Fye Signior, a ſcarfe about your necke, yet will not hang your ſelfe to heare all this?

Iul. Seruant[,] I diſcharge you my ſeruice, Ile entertaine no braggarts.

Ono. Signior, we diſcharge you the Court, wee'l haue no gulles in our company.

Far. Abram[.] we caſheere you our company, wee muſt haue no minnions at Court.

Emu. Oh patience[,] bee thou my fortification: Italy[,] thou ſpurneſt me for vttering that nutriment, which I ſuckt from thee.

Fa. How Italy? away you ideot: Italy infects you not, but your owne diſeaſed ſpirits: Italy? out you froth, you ſcumme! Becauſe your ſoule is mud, and that you haue breathed in Italy, you'll ſay Italy haue defyled you: away you bore, thou wilt wallow in mire in the ſweetest countrie in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceipt this rawnes:

1184 wounded, oh palpable,] 1200 yoy] *Coll.* 1209 ſcumme, becauſe]

Italy[,] farewell, Italians[,] adue.
A vertuous ſoule abhorres to dwell with you.
[Exit.

All. Ha[,] ha[,] ha: Laugh.

Enter Marqueſſe and Sir Owen.

Iu. Peace ſeruants, here comes the Duke[,] my brother.
Marq. Loe couſen[,] heere they be: are yee heere Gentlemen?
And Iulia you too? then Ile call your eyes,
To teſtifie, that to Sir Meredith,
I doe deliuer heere foure ſealed bondes:
Coze[,] haue a care to them, it much behooues you,
For Gentlemen, within this parchment lyes,
Fiue thouſand Duckets[,] payable to him,
Iuſt foureteene daies before next Penticoaſt.
Coze[,] it concernes you, therefore keep them ſafe.
Owen. Fugh, her warrant her ſhall log them vb from Sunne and Moone, and ſeauen ſtarres too I hobe, but harg you cozen Marqueſſe.
Marq. Now, whats the matter?
Ow. A poxe on it[,] tis ſcalde matter, well, well pray cozen Marqueſſe, vſe her Latie Griffil a good teale better, for as God vdge me, you hurd Sir Owen out a cry by maging her ſad and powd ſo, ſee you?
Marq. Hurt you? what harme or good reape you thereby?
Owen. Harme, yes by Gods lid, a poggie teale of harme, for loog you cozen, and cozen Iulia, & Shentlemen awl, (for awl is to know her wifes caſe) you know her tag to wife the widdow Gwenthyan.
Marq. True cozen[,] & ſhee's a vertuous gentlewoman.
On. One of the patienteſt Ladies in the world.
Vrc. Shee's wondrous beautifull & wondrous kinde.
Far. Shee's the quieteſt woman that ere I knew, for good heart, ſhee'll put vp any thing.
Iul. Cozen[,] I am proude that you are ſped ſo well.
Ow. Are you? by God[,] ſo are not I. Ile tel you what

1225 Penticoast,] 1246 not I, ile]

cozen Marqueſſe, you awl know her wel, you know her face is liddle faire & ſmug, but her has a tung goes Iingle iangle, Iingle iangle, petter and worſe then pelles when her houſe is a fire: patient? ha[,] ha[,] ſir Owen ſhall tag her heeles and run to Wales, and her play the tiuell ſo out a cry terrible[,] a pogs on her[,] la.

Iul. Why cozen[,] what are her quallities that you ſo commend her?

Ow. Commend her? no by God[,] not I, ha[,] ha: is know her quallities petter and petter, fore I commend her: but Gwenthian is worſe and worſe out a cry, owe out a cry worſe, out of awl cry, ſhee's fear'd to be made fool as Griffill is, & as God vdge me, her mag fine pobbie foole of Sir Owen. Her ſhide & ſhide, & prawle & ſcoulde, by God[,] and ſeradge terrible ſomtime, owe[,] & haid her wil doe what her can ha[,] ha[,] ha, and ſir Owen were hanſome pacheler agen! Pray cozen Marqueſſe[,] tag ſome order in Griffill, or tedge ſir Owen to mag Gwenthians quiet and tame her.

Mar. To tame her? that Ile teach you preſently.
You had no ſooner ſpake the word of Taming,
But mine eye met a ſpeedy remedie,
See cozen[,] heere's a plot where Oſiers grow,
The ground belongs to olde Ianicula
(My Griffils father)[:] come Sir Meredith,
Take out your knife[,] cut three and ſo will I.
So, keep yours cozen[,] let them be ſafe laide vp,
Theſe three (thus wound together) Ile preſerue.

Ow. What ſhal her doe now with theſe? peate and knog her[,] Gwenthian?

Enter Mario.

Marq. You ſhal not take ſuch counſaile from my lips.
How now Mario? what newes brings thee hither
In ſuch quicke haſte?

Mari. Your wife (my gratious Lord)
Is now deliuered of two beautious twins,

1259 Sir Owen, her] 1262 agen, pray] 1265 preſently,
1271 ſo will I,] 1276 lips,] 1278 in]

A ſonne and daughter.
Marq. Take that for thy paines,
Not for the ioy that I conceiue thereby,
For Griſſill is not gratious in the eye
Of thoſe that loue me, therefore I muſt hate
Thoſe that doe make my life vnfortunate.
And thats my children: muſt I not Mario?
Thou boweſt thy knee, well, well I know thy minde.
Uertue in villaines can no ſuccour finde.
A ſonne and daughter? I by them will prooue,
My Griſſils patience better, and her loue:
Come Iulia, come Onophrio, coze[,] farewell.
Reſerue thoſe wandes, theſe three Ile beare away.
When I require them backe, then will I ſhew
How eaſily a man may tame a ſhrew.

[Exeunt.

Ow. Ha[,] ha[,] ha, tame a ſhrew, owe tis out a cry terrible hard, and more worſe then tame a mad pull, but whad meane her cozen to mag her cut her wands? ha[,] ha, God vdge me[,] tis fine knag, I ſee her knauery now, tis to pang Gwenthyans podie and ſhe mag a noiſe & prabble: Is not ſo? by Gods lid ſo, & Gwenthian, ſir Owen will knog you before her abide ſuch horrible doe.

Enter Gwenthian and Rice.

Gods lid[,] here her comes. Terdawgh Gwenthian[,] terdawgh.
Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen[,] Terdawgh whee.
Owen. Owe, looge heere, fine wandes Gwenthyan, is not?
Gwe. Rees[,] tag them and preag them in peeces.
Ric. What ſay you forſooth?
Gwe. What ſay you forsooth? you ſaucie knaue, muſt her tell her once, and twice, and thrice, and foure times, what to doe? preag theſe wands.
Ow. Rees is petter preake Rees his pate: heere Rees[,] carry her home.
Ri. Would I were at gallowes, ſo I were not heere.
Gwen. Doe and her tare, doe and her tare, ſee you now,

1287 finde,] 1290 farewell,] 1291 away,] 1311 heere:]

what ſhall her doe with wands? peate Gwenthyan podie and mag Gwenthyan put her finger in me hole: ha, by God[,] by God, is ſcradge her eies out that tudge her, that tawg to her, that loog on her, marg you that Sir Owen?

Owen. Yes, her marg hur. Rees[,] pray marg her Ladie.

Ri. Not I ſir[,] ſhee'll ſet her markes on me then.

Gwen. Is prade? is prade? goe too Rees, Ile Rees her, you tawg you.

Owen. Pray Gwenthien[,] bee patient, as her cozen Griffill is.

Gwe. Griffill owe? owe? Griffill? no[,] no, no, no: her ſhall not mag Gwenthian ſuch ninny pobbie foole as Griffill, I ſay preage her wandes.

Owen. Gods plude[,] is pought her to peate duſt out of her cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peate her cloag and parrels? fie, fie, fie, tis lye Sir Owen[,] tis lye.

Ri. Your worſhip may ſtab her, ſhe giues you the lye.

Ow. Peace Rees, goe to. I pought them indeede to mag her horſe run and goe a mightie teale of pace, pray let Rees tag her in good Gwenthian?

Gwen. Rees[,] beare in her wandes becauſe Sir Owen beg ſo gently.

Owen. Goe Rees, goe locke them vp in a pox or ſheſt, goe.

Ri. You ſhal not need to bid me goe, for Ile run.

[Exit.

Owen. I pought them for her horſe indeede, for heere was her cozen Marqueſſe and prought her pondes and ſcriblings heere for her money: Gwenthyan[,] pray keepe her pondes and keep her wiſely: Sirra Gwenthyan[,] is tell her praue newes, Griffill is prought to bed of liddle ſhentleman and ſhentlewoman: (is glad out a cry[,] ſpeag her faire) yes truely[,] Griffill is prought a bed.

Gwen. Griffils[,] no podie but Griffils? what care I for Griffill: I ſay if Sir Owen loue Gwenthyan, ſhal not loue Griffill nor Marqueſſe ſo, ſee you now?

Ow. God vdge me, not loue her cozen? is ſhealous? owe

1313 Gwenthyan?] 1317 hur,] 1323 no. her] 1331 goe to,].

is fine trig, not loue her cozen? God vdge me[,] her wil, and hang her ſelfe, ſee you now?

Gwe. Hang her ſelfe, owe, owe, owe, Gwenthyans tother huſband is ſcawrne to ſay hang her ſelfe: hang her ſelfe? owe owe, owe owe.

Ow. Gods plude, what cannot get by prawles, is get by owe, owe[.] owe, is terrible Ladie, pray be peace, and cry no more owe, owe, owe. Tawſone Gwenthyans, God vdge me[,] is very furie.

Gwen. O mon Iago, mon due, hang Gwenthyans?

Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthyan bethogh, en Thonigh, en moyen due.

Gw. Ne vetho en Thonigh, Gna wathe gethla Tee, hang Gwenthyans?

Owen. Sir Owen ſhall ſay no more hang her ſelfe, be out a cry ſtill and her ſhall pye her new card to ride in, & two new fine horſes, and more plew coates and padges ta follow her heeles, ſee you now?

Gwen. But will her ſay no more hang her ſelfe?

Enter Rice.

Ow. Oh no more, as God vdge mee[,] no more, pray leaue, owe, owe, owe.

Ri. Tannekin the Froe hath brought your Rebato, it comes to three pound.

Ow. What a peſtilence[,] is this for Gwenthyan?

Gwe. For her neg, is cald repatoes, Gwenthian weare it heere, iſt not praue?

Owen. Praue? yes is praue, tis repatoes I warrant her: I[,] patoes money out a cric, yes tis praue. Rees[,] the preece? Rees[,] the preece?

Ri. The Froe ſir ſaies fiue pound.

Owen. Ha[,] ha[,] ha, [fiue] pound, Gwenthyan[,] pray doe not pye it.

Gwen. By God vdge me[,] her ſhall pye it.

Owen. God vdge me[,] her ſhall not.

Gwen. Shall not? Rees[.] tag her away, I ſay her ſhall[,] and weare it pye and pye.

1356 owe, Tawſone] 1376 praue,] 1378 fiue] *Coll. ändert in* three. 1379 owen] *Ebd.* fiue] *Coll. ſchiebt* three *ein.* 1382 owen].

Owen. Then mag a pobbie foole of Sir Owen indeed: Gods plude[,] ſhall? I ſay ſhal not: fiue pound for puble, for patoes: here there, ſo tag it now, weare it now powte her neg, ſhall pridle ſir Owen[,] ha?

Ri. Oh rare ſir Owen, oh pretious Knight, oh rare Sir Owen.

Gwe. Out you raſkals, you prade and prade, ile prade your neaces.

Ri. Oh rare Madame, oh pretious Madame, O God, O God. O God, O. [Exit.

Gwe. Is domineere now, you teare her ruffes and repatoes, you preake her ponds? Ile teare as good pondes, and petter too, and petter too.

Ow. Owe Gwenthyan, Cods plude[,] is fiue thouſand duckets. hold[,] hold[,] hold, a pogs on her pride, what has her done?

Gw. Goe loog, is now paide for her repatoes, ile haue her willes & deſires, ile teadge her pridle her Lady: Catho crogge, Ne vetho, en Thlonigh gna wathee Gnathla tee. [Exit.

Owen. A breath vawer or no Tee: pridle her, ſir Owen is pridled I warrant: widdows[!] (were petter Gods plude marry whoore) were petter be hang'd and quarter, then marry widowes as God vdge me: Sir Owen[,] fall on her knees, & pray God to tag her to her mercy, or elſe put petter minde in her Lady: awl prittiſh Shentlemans tag heede how her marry fixen widowe.

Sir Owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,
A ſhrewes ſharpe tongue is terrible as hell.

[Exit.

Enter Marqueſſe and Furio with an infant in his armes.

Marq. Did ſhe not ſee thee when thou took'ſt it vp?

Fur. No, ſhe was faſt a ſleepe.

Marq. Giue me this bleſſed burthen; pretty foole[,] With what an amiable looke it ſleepes,
And in that ſlumber how it ſweetly ſmiles,
And in that ſmile how my heart leapes for ioy:
Furio[,] Ile turne this circle to a cradle,

1386 fiue] *Collier ändert auch hier in* three. 1402 owen.] ſir owen] 1405 owen] 1409 owen] 1413 burthen,]

To rocke my deare babe: A great Romaine Lord,
Taught his young Sonne to ride a Hobby-horſe.
Then why ſhould I thinke ſcorne to dandle mine:
Furio[,] beholde it well, to whom iſt like?
Fur. You, there's your noſe and blacke eye-browes.

Enter Mario.

Marq. Thou doſt but flatter me, heere comes Mario,
I know Mario will not flatter me.
Mario, thy opinion, view this childe,
Doth not his lips, his noſe, his fore-head,
And euery other part reſemble mine?
Mari. So like my Lord, that the nice difference,
Would ſtay the iudgement of the curiouſt eye.
Marq. And yet me thinkes I am not halfe ſo browne.
Mari. Indeed your cheekes beare a more liuely colour[.]
Marq. Furio, play thou the nurſe, handle it ſoftly.
Fur. One were better get a doſſen then nurſe one.
Marq. Mario[,] ſtep to Griſſill[,] ſhee's a ſleepe,
Her white hand is the piller to thoſe cares,
Which I vngently lodge within her head:
Steale thou the other childe and bring it hither.
If Griſſill be awake and ſtriue with thee,
Bring it perforce, nor let her know what hand,
Hath rob'd her of this other, haſte Mario.
Mari. I flie[,] my gratious Lord. [Exit.
Marq. Run flatterie.
Becauſe I did blaſpheme and cal it browne,
This Parraſite cride (like an Eccho) browne.
Fur. The childe is faire my Lord, you were nere ſo faire[.]
Marq. I know tis faire, I know tis wondrous faire.
Deare prettie infant[,] let me with a kiſſe,
Take that diſhonor off, which the foule breath
Of a prophane ſlaue, laide vpon thy cheekes;
Had but I ſaid my boy's a Blackamoore,
He would haue damn'd himſelfe and ſo haue ſwore.

1419 Hodby-horſe.] 1424 me,] 1436 head,] 1437 hither,] 1441 Run flatterie,] *beginnt den folgenden Vers. Coll.* 1445 wondrous faire,]

Enter Griffill and Mario with a childe.

Grif. Giue me mine infant, where's my other babe?
You cannot plaie the nurſe, your horred eyes
Will fright my little ones, and make them crie,
Your tongue's too ruffe to chime a lullabie:
Tis not the pleaſure of my Lord I know,
To loade me with ſuch wrong.
Mari. No, I vnloade you. Scoffingly.
Marq. Giue her her childe Mario and yet ſtaie;
Furio[,] holde thou them both. Griffill forbeare,
You are but nurſe to them, they are not thine.
Gri. I know my gratious Lord[,] they are not mine,
I am but their poore nurſe I muſt confeſſe,
Alas[,] let not a nurſe be pittileſſe.
To ſee the colde ayre make them looke thus bleake,
Makes me ſhed teares becauſe they cannot ſpeake.
Marq. If they could ſpeake, what thinke you they would
ſay?
Gri. That I in all things will your wil obay.
Marq. Obay it then in ſilence: ſhall not I
Beſtowe what is myne owne, as likes me beſt?
Deliuer me theſe brats: come preſſe me downe,
With weightie infamie: heere is a loade
Of ſhame, of ſpeckled ſhame: O God[,] how heauie
An armefull of diſhonour is? heeres two,
Griffill[,] for this ile thanke none els but you.
Which way ſo ere I turne I meete a face,
That makes my cheekes bluſh at mine owne diſgrace
This way or this way, neuer ſhall mine eye
Looke thus, or thus: but (oh me) preſentlie,
(Take them for Gods ſake Furio) preſentlie
I ſhall ſpend childiſh teares: true teares indeed,
That thus I wrong my babes and make her bleede.
Goe Griffill[,] get you in.
Gri. I goe my Lorde.
Farewell ſweet ſweet deare babes, ſo you were free,
Would all the worlds cares might be throwne on me.

1457 ſtaie,] 1458 both,] 1473 you,] 1480 bleede,]

Mar. Ha, ha, why this is pleaſing harmonie.
Fu. My Lord[,] they'le wrawle, what ſhall I doe with them?
Marq. Tell her thou muſt prouide a nurſe for them[.]
Comes ſhe not backe Mario?
Mari. No my Lord.
Marq. Tuſh, tuſh, it cannot be but ſheele returne,
I know her boſome beares no marble heart,
I knowe, a tender Mother cannot part,
With ſuch a patient ſoule, from ſuch ſweet ſoules,
She ſtands and watches ſure, and ſure ſhe weepes,
To ſee my ſeeming flintie breaſt. Mario[,]
Withdraw with me: Furio[,] ſtay thou heere ſtill,
If ſhe returne, ſeeme childiſh, and denie
To let her kiſſe or touch them.

[Exeunt.

Fur. Faith not I:
I haue not ſuch a heart; and ſhee aſke to touch them, Ile deny it becauſe ile obey my Lord, yet ſhe ſhall kiſſe and touch them to, becauſe Ile pleaſe my Ladie: alas, alas, prettie fooles[,] I loue you well[,] but I would you had a better Nurſe.

Enter Griſſill ſtealingly.

Griſ. A better Nurſe: ſeek'ſt thou a better Nurſe?
A better Nurſe then whome?
Fu. Then you, away.
Griſ. I am their Mother[:] I muſt not away.
Looke, looke, good Furio[,] looke they ſmile on mee,
I know poore hearts[,] they feare to ſmile on thee.
I prithee let me haue them.
Fu. Touch them not.
Gri. I prie thee let me touch them.
Fu. No: Hands off.
Gri. I prie thee gentle Furio[,] let me kiſſe them.
Fu. Not one kiſſe for a Kings crowne.
Griſ. Muſt I not kiſſe my babes: muſt I not touch them?
Alas[,] what ſin ſo vile hath Griſſil done
That thus ſhe ſhould be vex'd? not kiſſe my infants?

1493 breaſt,] 1497 heart,] 1503 away,] 1505 thee,] 1509 crowne:]

Who taught thee to be cruell gentle churle,
What muſt thou doe with them?
Fu. Get them a nurſe.
Grif. A Nurſe[,] alacke, what Nurſe? where muſt ſhee dwell[?]
Fu. I muſt not tell you till I know my ſelfe.
Gri. For Gods ſake[,] who muſt Nurſe them[?] doe but name her,
And I will ſweare thoſe firie eyes doe ſmile,
And I will ſweare that which none els will ſweare,
That thy grim browes, doe mercies liuerie weare.
Fu. Chooſe you.

Enter Marqueſſe, ſtanding aſide.

Grif. Oh God, oh God, might Griffill haue her choice[,]
My babes ſhould not be ſcard with thy diuils voice.
Thou get a Nurſe for them? they can abide,
To taſte no milke but mine[,] come, come Ile chide,
In faith you cruell man, Ile chide indeede,
If I growe angrie.
Fu. Do[,] do[,] I care not.
Marq. To chide & curſe thy Lord thou haſt more need[.]
Grif. Wilt thou not tell me who ſhall be their Nurſe?
Fu. No.
Grif. Wilt thou not let me kiſſe them?
Fu. No[,] I say.
Grif. I prithee let my teares, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate hart, ſee heer's a fountaine,
Which heauen into this Alablaſter bowels,
Inſtil'd to nouriſh them: man[,] theyle crie,
And blame thee that this ronnes ſo lauiſhly,
Heres milke for both my babes[,] two breſts for two.
Marq. Poore babes[,] I weep to ſee what wrong I doe.
Grif. I pray thee let them ſuck, I am moſt meete
To play their Nurſe: theyle ſmile and say tis ſweet,
Which ſtreames frō hence. If thou doſt beare them hēce,
My angrie breaſts will ſwell, and as mine eyes

1516 my ſelfe,] 1520 weare,] 1541 hence, if]

Lets fall ſalt drops, with theſe white Necter teares,
They will be mixt: this ſweet will then be brine,
Theyle cric[,] Ile chide and ſay the ſinne is thine.
Fu. Mine armes ake mightily, and my heart akes.
Marq. And ſo doth mine: ſweet ſounds this diſcord makes.
Fu. Heere Madame[,] take one, I am weary of both, touch it and kiſſe it to, its a ſweet childe. I would I were rid of my miſerie, for I ſhall drowne my heart, with my teares that fall inward.
Griſ. Oh this is gentlie done[!] this is my boy,
My firſt borne care: thy feete that nere felt ground,
Haue traueld longeſt in this land of woe,
This worlds wildernes, and haſt moſt neede
Of my moſt comfort: oh I thanke thee Furio,
I know I ſhould tranſforme thee with my teares,
And melt thy adamantine heart like waxe.
What wrong ſhall theſe haue to be tane from mee?
Mildely intreate their Nurſe to touch them mildely,
For my ſoule tels me, that my honoured Lord,
Does but to trie poore Griſſils conſtancie,
Hees full of mercie[,] iuſtice, full of loue.
Marq. My cheekes doe glow with ſhame to heere her ſpeake,
Should I not weepe for ioy[,] my heart would breake,
And yet a little more Ile ſtretch my tryall.

Enter Mario and Lepido.

Mario, Lepido?
Both. My gracious Lord?
Marq. You ſhall be witneſſe of this open wrong.
I gaue ſtrait charge, ſhe ſhould not touch theſe brats.
Yet has ſhe tempted with laſciuious teares,
The heart of Furio, ſee ſhe dandles them.
Take that childe from her: ſtay, ſtay, ile commend,
That pittie in thee which Ile reprehend.
Fu. Doe.
Marq. Dare you thus contradict our ſtrait commaund[?]

1546 *Nach* mightily *ſteht ein Punkt, und die folgenden Worte ſtehen in einer neuen Zeile.* 1549 childe,] 1555 neede,] 1558 waxe,] 1559 mee,] 1571 them,] 1573 reprepend.] *Coll.*

But heeres a truſtie groome, out hipocrite,
I ſhall doe Iuſtice wrong to let thee breath,
For diſobaying me.
Grif. My gracious Lord,
Marq. Tempt me not Syren: ſince you are ſo louing.
Hold you[,] take both your children, get you gon.
Diſrobe her of theſe rich abiliments,
Take downe her hat, her pitcher and her gowne,
And as ſhe came to me in beggerie,
So driue her to her fathers.
Mari. My deare Lorde.
Marq. Uex me not good Mario[:] if you woe me,
(Or if you ſhed one teare) to pittie her,
Or if by any drift you ſuccour her,
You looſe my fauour euerlaſtingly.
Both. We muſt obey ſince there's no remedye.
Marq. You muſt be villaines[,] theres no remedie.
Mario, Lepido, you two ſhall helpe,
To beare her children home.
Gri. It ſhall not neede[,]
I can beare more.
Marq. Thou beareſt too much indeed.
Gri. Come, come ſweet lambes[,] wee'll laugh and liue content
Though from the Court we liue in baniſhment.
Theſe rich attyres are for your mother fit,
But not your nurſe, therefore Ile off with it.
Marq. Away with her I ſay.
Grif. Away, away?
Nothing but that colde comfort[?] wee'll obay,
Heauen ſmile vpon my Lord with gratious eye.
Marq. Driue her hence Lepido.
Lep. Good Madame[,] hence.
Gri. Thus tyranny oppreſſeth innocence.
Thy lookes ſeeme heauy, but thy heart is light,
For villaines laugh when wrong oppreſſeth right.
[Runs to him.

1579 Syren,] 1580 gon,] 1588 euerlaſtingly,] 1600 eye,]
1602 innocence,] 1604 *In der Bühnenanweisung* Run] *Coll.*

Muſt we then be driuen hence: Oh ſee my Lord,
Sweet prettie fooles[,] they both ſmil'd at that word.
They ſmile as who ſhould ſay indeede[,] indeede,
Your tongue cryes hence, but your heart's not agree'd.
Can you thus part from them? in truth I know,
Your true loue cannot let theſe infants goe.
Marq. Shee'll tryumph ouer me[,] doe what I can.
[Turnes from her.
Mari. Good Madame[,] hence.
Gri. Oh ſend one gratious ſmile
Before we leaue this place: turne not away,
Doe but looke backe, let vs but once more ſee
Thoſe eyes, whoſe beames ſhall breath new ſoules in three.
It is enough[:] now weele depart in ioy.
Nay be not you ſo cruell: ſhould you two
Be thus driuen hence, truſt me Ide pitty you.
Marq. Diſrobe her preſently.
Both. It ſhall be done.
Griffi. To worke ſome good deede thus you would not runne.
[Exeunt.

Marq. Oh Griffill[,] in large Carracters of golde,
Thy vertuous[,] ſacred fame ſhall be enroulde.
Tell me thy iudgement Furio of my wife?
Fu. I thinke my Lord[,] ſhee's a true woman, for ſhee loues her children, a rare wife, for ſhee loues you, (I beleeue you'll hardly finde her match) and I thinke ſhee's more then a woman, becauſe ſhee conqueres all wrongs by patience.
Mar. Yet once more will I trye her, preſently
Ile haue thee goe to olde Ianicolaes,
And take her children from her, breed ſome doubt,
(By ſpeeches) in her, that her eyes ſhall neuer
Beholde them more: beare them to Pauia,
Commend vs to our brother, ſay from vs,
That we deſire him with all kinde reſpect,
To nurſe the infants, and withall conceale,

1608 agree'd,] 1616 ioy,] 1617 cruell,] 1622 enroulde,]

Their parentage from any mortall eare.
I charge thee on thy life[,] reueale not this,
I charge thee on thy life, be like thy name,
(When thou comſt to her) rough and furious.
Fur. Well, I will: It's far from Saluce to Pauia, the children will cry, I haue no teates you know, twere good you thought vpon it.
Marq. There's golde.
Fu. That's good.
Marq. Prouide them nurſes.
Fu. That's better, I will and I can.

[Exit Furio.

Marq. Away! Though I dare truſt thy ſecrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in ſome diſguiſe,
And try thy faith, and Griſſils conſtancy:
If thou abide vnblemiſht, then I ſweare,
I haue found two wonders that are ſildome rife,
A truſty ſeruant, and a patient wife.

[Exit.

Enter Ianicola and Laureo, with burdens of Oſiers.

Lau. Father[,] how fare you?
Ian. Uery well my ſonne,
This labour is a comfort to my age.
The Marqueſſe hath to me been mercifull,
In ſending me from Courtly delicates,
To taſte the quiet of this country life.
Lau. Call him not mercifull, his tyranny
Exceedes the moſt inhumaine.
Ian. Peace my ſonne.
I thought by learning thou hadſt been made wiſe,
But I perceiue it puffeth vp thy ſoule.
Thou takſt a pleaſure to be counted iuſt,
And kicke againſt the faults of mighty men:
Oh tis in vaine, the earth may euen as well
Challenge the potter to be partiall,
For forming it to ſundry offices:

1636 eare,] 1647 Away, though] 1651 A haue] *Coll.* 1654 age,] 1661 ſoule,]

Alas the errour of ambitious fooles!
How fraile are all their thoughts, how faint, how weake?
Thoſe that doe ſtriue to iuſtle with the great,
Are certaine to be bruz'd, or ſoone to breake.
Come, come mell with our Oſiers, heere let's reſt,
This is olde homely home, & that's ſtill beſt.

Enter Babulo with a bundle of Oſiers in one arme and a childe in another, Griſſill after him with another childe.

Bab. Huſh, huſh, huſh, huſh, and I daunce mine own childe, and I dance mine owne childe, &c: ha[,] ha, whoop olde Maſter, ſo ho[,] ho, looke heere: and I dance mine own childe, &c. Heere's ſixteene pence a weeke, and ſixteene pence a weeke, eight groates, ſope and candle. I met her in Oſier groue, crying huſh, huſh, huſh, huſh: I thought it had been ſome begger woman, becauſe of her pitcher, for you know they beare ſuch houſhold ſtuffe, to put drinke and porrage together, and I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh father[,] now forſweare all patience,
Griſſill comes home to you in poore array,
Griſſill is made a drudge, a caſt-away.

Ian. Griſſill is welcome home to pouerty.
How now my childe[,] are theſe thy pretty babes?

Ba. And I dance myne owne childe: art thou there? art thou there?

Ian. Why art thou thus come home, who ſent thee hyther?

Gri. It is the pleaſure of my princely Lord,
Who[,] taking ſome offence, to me vnknowne,
Hath baniſht me from care to quietnes.

Ba. A fig for care! olde Maſter, but now olde graundſire, take this little Pope Innocent, wee'll giue ouer baſket making and turne nurſes, ſhee has vnckled Laureo: Its no matter, you ſhall goe make a fire. Grandſire[,] you ſhall dandle them, Griſſill ſhall goe make Pap, and Ile licke the ſkillet, but firſt Ile fetch a cradle, its a ſigne tis not a deare yeare, when

1667 fooles,] 1675 heere,] 1676 &c, heere's] 1677 candle,] 1693 care,] 1696 fire,] 1698 cradle,]

they come by two at once: heer's a couple[,] quoth Iacke dawe, art thou there? ſing Grandſire.

[Exit.

Ian. What ſaid the Marqueſſe when he baniſht thee?
Gri. He gaue me gentle language, kiſt my cheeke,
For Gods ſake[,] therfore ſpeake not ill of him,
Teares trickling from his eyes, and ſorrowes hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adue,
Whilſt many a deep fetcht ſigh from his breſt flew.
Therefore for Gods ſake[,] ſpeake not ill of him.
Good Lord[!] how many a kiſſe he gaue my babes,
And with wet eyes bad me be patient,
And by my truth (if I haue any truth)[,]
I came from Court more quiet and content,
By many a thouſand part[,] then when I went:
Therefore for Gods loue[,] ſpeake not ill of him.
Lau. Oh vile deiection of too baſe a ſoule!
Haſt thou beheld the Paradice of Court,
Fed of rich ſeuerall meates, bath'd in ſweet ſtreames,
Slept on the bed of pleaſure, ſate inthroned,
Whilſt troopes of Saint-like haue adored thee:
And being now throwne downe by violence,
Doſt thou not enuy thoſe that driue thee thence?
Gri. Far be it from my heart from enuying my Lord
In thought, much leſſe eyther in deed or word.
Lau. Then haſt thou no true ſoule, for I would curſe
From the Sunnes ariſing to his weſterne fall,
The Marqueſſe and his flattering minions.
Gri. By day and night, kinde heauen protect them all!
What wrong haue they done me? what hate to you?
Haue I not fed vpon the Princes coſt?
Been cloath'd in rich attyres, liu'd on his charge?
Looke heere[:] my ruſſet gowne is yet vnworne,
And many a winter more may ſerue my turne,
By the preſeruing it ſo many monthes:
My Pitcher is vnhurt, ſee it is fill'd
With chriſtall water of the criſped ſpring.

1699 at once,] 1714 ſoule,] 1726 all,]

If you remember[,] on my wedding day,
You ſent me with this pitcher to the well,
And I came empty home, becauſe I met
The gratious Marqueſſe and his company.
Now hath he ſent you this cup full of teares.
You'll ſay the comfort's colde, well be it ſo,
Yet euery little comfort helpes in woe.
Ian. True modle of true vertue, welcome childe,
Thou and theſe tender babes to me are welcome.
Wee'll worke to finde them foode, come kiſſe them ſoone,
And let's forget theſe wrongs as neuer done.

Enter Babulo with a cradle.

Ba. Come, where be theſe infidels? heere's the cradle of ſecurity, and my pillow of idlenes for them, and their Grandſires cloake (not of hypocriſie but honeſty) to couer them.

Ian. Lay them both ſoftly downe. Griſſill[,] ſit downe,
Laureo[,] fetch you my lute, rocke thou the cradle.
Couer the poore fooles arme, ile charme their eyes,
To take a ſleepe[,] by ſweet tunde lullabyes.

The Song.

Golden ſlumbers kiſſe your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you riſe:
Sleepe pretty wantons[,] doe not cry,
And I will ſing a lullabie,
Rocke them[,] rocke them[,] lullabie.

Care is heauy[,] therefore ſleepe you,
You are care and care muſt keep you:
Sleepe pretty wantons[,] doe not cry,
And I will ſing a lullabie,
Rocke them[,] rocke them[,] lullabie.

Enter Furio and Marqueſſe aloofe diſguiſed with baſkets.

Fur. Leaue ſinging.

Ba. We may chooſe. Grandſire[,] ſol ſa once more, we'll

1739 teares,] 1748 *Die Schlussklammer steht schon hinter* hypocriſie. 1749 downe,] 1764 chooſe,]

alla mire him, and he we waile in woe, and who can hinder vs?

Fur. Sirra Scholler[,] read there, it's a commiſſion for mee to take away theſe children.

Ba. Nay then y'are welcome, there's foure groates, and heere's foure more.

Gri. To take away my children[,] gentle Furio,
Why muſt my babes beare this vngentle doome?

Fur. Goe looke.

Lau. O miſery, O moſt accurſed time,
When to be foes to guilt is helde a crime.
Siſter[,] this fiend muſt beare your infants hence.

Ia. Good Griſſil[,] beare al wrongs wt patience.

[Weepes[.]

Gri. Good father[,] let true patience cure all woe,
You bid me be content, oh be you ſo.

Lau. Father[,] why doe you weepe?

Ian. What can I doe?
Though her he puniſh, he might pitty you.

Lau. Let's fret and curſe the Marqueſſe cruelly.

Ba. I[,] by my troth that's a good way, we may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Muſt I then be diuorc'd and looſe this treaſure?
I muſt and am content, ſince tis his pleaſure.
I prie thee tell me whither they muſt goe?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commaunded to conceale the place?

Fu. I.

Gri. Then will not I inquire. Thou doſt but ieſt[:]
I know thou muſt not rob me, tis to try
If I loue them: no, no, heere I read,
That which ſtrikes blinde mine eyes, makes my heart bleede.
Farewell, farewell, deare ſoules, adue[,] adue,
Your father ſendes and I muſt part from you,
I muſt[,] oh God[!] I muſt: muſt is for Kings,
And loe obedience for loe vnderlings.

1775 crime,] 1780 What can I doe,] 1785 diuorc'd?] *Ebd.* treaſure,] 1786 pleaſure,] 1791 inquire, thou] 1794 bleede,] 1797 I muſt,]

Lau. He ſhall not hale them thus, keep them perforce,
This ſlaue lookes on them with a murdring eye.
Ba. No, he ſhal not haue them, knocke out his braines, and ſaue the little hop a my thombes.
Fu. Doe if you dare.
Marq. How now my hearts, what's the matter?
Fu. What car'ſt thou?
Lau. This is poore Griſſil, wife vnto our Duke,
And theſe her children: thus he ſendes her home,
And thus he ſends a ſerpent to deuour,
Their pretious liues, he brings commiſſion,
To hale them hence, but whyther none can tell.
Griſ. Forbeare, forbeare.
Marq. Take them from him perforce.
Are theſe his children?
Ba. So ſhe ſaies.
Marq. Two ſweet Duckes, and is this his wife?
Ba. Yes, he has lyne with her.
Mar. A pretty ſoule, ſirra[,] thou wilt be hang'd for this.
Fu. Hang thy ſelfe.
Mar. Beate him, but firſt take theſe two from his armes, I am a baſket maker, and I ſweare
Ile dye before he beare away the babes.
Ba. Oh rare, cry prentiſes and clubs, the corporation cannot be ( ) ſirra[,] ſet downe thy baſkets and to't pell mell.
Fu. Would I were rid of my office?
Gri. What will you doe? driue this raſhe fellowe hence?
Marq. The Marqueſſe is a tyrant and does wrong.
Gri. I would not for the world that hee ſhould heare thee.
Mar. I would not for ten worlds but heare my Griſſil.
Gri. A tyrant, no[:] he's mercy euen her ſelfe,
Iuſtice in triumph rides in his two eyes,
Take heede how thou prophaneſt high deityes.
Goe Furio, get thee gone: good father[,] helpe me

1803 Fa.] 1805 thou.] 1807 children,] 1811 perforce,] 1825 doe,] 1831 deityes:]

To guard my deare Lords ſeruant from this place,
I know hee'll doe my pretty babes no harme,
For ſee|,| Furio lookes gently: oh get thee gone,
Pitty sits on thy cheekes, but God can tell,
My heart ſaies my tongue lyes, farewell[,] farewell.
Marq. Stay ſirra|,| take thy purſe.
Fur. I let none fall.
Ba. Halfe part.
Ia. A purſe of golde Furio is falne from thee.
Fu. Its none of mine, ſirra baſket-maker, if my armes were not full, thou ſhould haue thy handes full: farewel Griſſill, if thou neuer ſee thy children more, curſe mee, if thou doſt ſee them againe, thanke God, adue.

[Exit.

Ba. Farewell and be hang'd.
Gri. I will thanke God for all, why ſhould I grieue,
To looſe my children? no[,] no, I ought rather
Reioyce, becauſe they are borne to their Father.
Ia. Daughter, heere's nothing in this purſe but golde.
Ba. So much the better, Maſter|:| we'll quickely turne it into ſiluer.
Ia. This purſe that fellow did let fall, run|,| run,
Carry it him againe, run Babulo.
Away with it, tis laide to doe vs wrong.
Lau. Try all their golden baites, ſtay|,| neuer run,
They can doe no more wrong then they haue done.
Ia. What ayles my Griſſill? comfort |thee| my childe.
Ba. Ile fetch Roſa ſolis.
Marq. Poore ſoule|,| her griefe burnes inward, yet her tung
Is loath to giue it freedome: I doe wrong,
Oh Griſſill[!] I doe wrong thee and lament,
That for my ſake thou feel'ſt this languiſhment.
I came to try a ſeruant and a wife,
Both haue I prooued true: that purſe of golde I brought,
And let it fall of purpoſe to relieue her:
Well may I giue her golde that ſo much grieue her.

1853 Babulo,] 1857 [thee] *Coll.* 1861 and,] 1864 true,] 1865 her,] 1866 grieue her,]

As I came in by ſtealth, ſo Ile away,
Ioy has a tongue, but knowes not what to ſay.

[Exit.

Gri. So father[,] I am well, I am well indeed,
I ſhould doe wondrous ill, ſhould I repine,
At my babes loſſe[,] for they are none of mine.

Ia. I am glad thou tak'ſt this wound ſo patiently.

Ba. Whoope[!] whether is my brother baſket-maker gone: ha[,] let me ſee, I ſmell a rat, ſneakt hence and neuer take leaue? eyther hee's a craftie knaue, or elſe hee dogs Furio to byte him, for when a quarrell enters into a trade[,] it ſerues ſeauen yeares before it be free.

Ia. Let him be whome he will, he ſeem'd our friend.
Griffill[,] lay vp this golde[:] tis Furioes ſure,
Or it may be thy Lord did giue it him,
To let it fall for thee, but keep it ſafe:
If he diſdaine to loue thee as a wife,
His golde ſhall not buy foode to nouriſh thee.
Griffill[,] come in, time ſwiftly runs away,
The greateſt ſorrow hath an ending day.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gwenthyan and Rice, ſhe meanely, he like a Cooke.

Gwen. Rees, lay her table, and ſet out her ſittailes, and preades, and wines, and ale, and peare, and ſalt for her gueſſe.

Ri. Yes forſooth[,] my Lady[:] but what ſhal I do with all yonder beggers?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into her Lady, goe.

Ri. How? the beggers in, wee ſhall haue a louzie feaſt Madame.

[Exit Rees.

Gwen. You raſcals[,] prate no more, but fetch them in: ſhall pridle Sir Owen a good teale well enough, is warrant her. Sir Owen is gone to bid her cozen Marqueſſe and a meiny to dyne at her houſe, but Gwenthyan ſhall kiue her dinner I warrant her, for peggers ſhall haue all her meate.

1875 leaue,] 1878 friend,] 1881 ſafe,] 1883 thee,]

Enter Rees with a company of beggers: a Table is ſet with meate.

Ri. Come my hearts, troope, troope, euery man follow his leader, heere's my Lady.

All. God bleſſe your Ladiſhip, God bleſſe your Ladiſhip.

Gwen. I thang you|,| me good peggers. Rees[,] pring ſtooles, ſid awl downe: Rees[,] pring more meate.

Rice. Heere Madame, Ile ſet it on, tak't off who will.

Beg. Let vs alone for that, my Lady|:| ſhall we ſcramble or eate mannerly?

Gwen. Peggers|,| I hobe haue no manners, but firſt heare me pray you now, and then fall to out a crie.

Beg. Peace, heare my Lady. Jacke-mumble-cruſt|,| ſteale no penny loaues.

Gwen. Peggers, awl you know Sir Owen?

All. Paſſing well, paſſing well, God bleſſe his worſhip.

1 Beg. Madame, we know him as well as a begger knowes his diſh.

Gwe. Awl theſe fittels is made for Cozen Marqueſſe: Sir Owen is gone to ſedge him, but Sir Owen has anger her Ladie.

1 Beg. More ſhame for him, hee's not a Knight, but a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen has anger her Lady, and therfore her Lady is anger Sir Owen.

1 Beg. Make him a cuckolde Madame, and vpon that I drinke to you: helter ſkelter|,| here roagues, top and top gallant, pell mell, huſtie tuſtie, hem. God ſaue the Duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwen. Rees[,] ſedge wine and peares enough, and fall to pegger, and eate awl her ſheere, and tomineere, ſee you now, pray doe.

A drunken feaſt, they quarrel and grow drunke, and pocket vp the meate, the dealing of Cannes like a ſet at Mawe.

[Exit Rees.

Gwe. Nay|,| I pray peggers be quiet, tag your meates, you haue trinkes enough I ſee, and get you home nowe good peggers.

1902 peggers,] 1903 downe,] 1909 Lady,]

1 Beg. Come you roagues, lets goe[:] tag and rag, cut and long taile, I am victualed for a month. God bo'y Madame, pray God Sir Owen and you may fall out euery day: Is there any harme in this now? hey tri-lill, giue the dog a loafe, fill the tother pot you whoore & God ſaue the Duke.

[Exeunt.

Gwe. I thang you[,] good peggers, ha[,] ha, this is fine ſpord, by God is haue peggers eate her fittales all day long.

Enter Sir Owen and Rees.

Ow. Where is the ſheere Rees? Cods plude[,] where?

Ri. I beſeech you ſir[,] be patient, I tell you the beggers haue it.

Owen. Wad a pogs is doe with peggers? wad is peggers do at Knights houſe? Is peggers Sir Owens gueſſe Rees?

Ri. No Sir Owen[:] they were my Ladies gueſſe.

Ow. Ha? you hungry raſcalles, where's her Ladie Gwenthyan? Cods plude[,] peggers eate her ſheere and cozen Marqueſſe come.

Ri. I know not where my Lady is, but there's a begger woman, aſke her, for my Lady dealt her almes amongſt them her ſelfe.

Ow. A pogs on you pegger whore, where's ther pread and ſheere? Cod vdge me[,] Ile pegger you for fittels.

Gwe. Hawld, hawld, hawld, what is mad now? here is her Lady: is her Lady pegger you raſcals?

Ri. No ſweet Madame, you are my Lady: a man is a man though he haue but a hoſe on his head, and you are my Lady though you want a hood.

Ow. How now? how now? ha[,] ha, her Ladie in tawny coate, and tags and rags ſo? where is her meate Gwenthian? where is her ſheere? her cozen Marqueſſe is heere and great teale of Shentlefolkes and Laties and Lawrdes[,] pie and pie.

Gwe. What care her for Laties or cozen too? fittels is awl gone.

Ow. Owe, gone? is her Ladie mad?

1933 month,] 1934 owen] 1955 Lady,] 1962 too,]

Gwen. No, our Lord is mad, you teare her ruffes and re-
patoes, and pridle her, is her pridled now? is her repatoes
now? is her teare in peeces now? Ile tedge her pridle her
Lady againe, her cozen Marqueſſe ſhall eate no pread and
meate heere, and her Ladie Gwenthians will goe in tags and
rags, and like pegger to vexe and chafe ſir Owen, ſee you
now?

Owen. A pogs ſee her, Cods plude[,] what is doe now
Rees?

Ri. Speake her faire Maſter[,] for ſhee lookes wildely.

Owen. Is looke wildely indeede. Gwenthian[,] pray goe in,
and put prauerie vpon her packe and pelly, Cod vdge me[,]
is pie new repatoes and ruffes for her Lady: pray doe ſo,
pray good Ladyes.

Ri. Doe good Madame.

Gw. Cartho crogge, Cartho crogge, Gwenthian ſcornes her
flatteries, her Lady goe no petter, Sir Owen hang her ſelfe.

Ow. O mon Iago, her Pritiſh plude is not indure it by
Cod: a pogs on her, put on her fine coates is peſt, put on,
goe to, put on.

Ri. Put off Sir Owen[,] and ſhee'll put on.

Gwe. A pogs on her, is put on none, but goe like pegger.

Ow. Rees[,] goe mag more fire, and let her haue more
ſheere.

Gwen. Rees mag fire, and Ile ſcalde her like pigge, ſee
you now?

Ri. I ſhall be peppered how ere the market goes.

Ow. Mag great teal of fires, or Sir Owen ſhall knog your
eares.

Gwen. Make litle teale of fire, or Gwenthian ſhall cut off
your eares: and pob you, & pob you Rees, ſee you now?

Ri. Holde good Madame, I ſee you and feele you too,
y'are able to ſet ſtones together by th'eares: I beſeech you
be quiet both, Ile make a fire Sir Owen to pleaſe you.

Ow. Doe Rees[:] Ile pridle her Ladies well enough.

Gwen. Will you, you raſcals?

1975 indeed,]

Ri. Nay[,] but heare you ſweet Madame, Ile make a fire to pleaſe Sir Owen, and when it burnes, Ile quench it to pleaſe you.

[Exit.